ʒThe Beginner's Creation / The Creation of Mundus

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Note from the Author (2/2025) :

The backstory to the universe of Mundus ("mon (like Monday)-dis"), which is the universe Sean Hériman finds himself in. This backstory isn't necessary to read at all if you don't want to spoiled on the detailed backstory that will be mentioned in further down the line. But most of this takes place long before a lot of the main Wizard Avail takes place, and there a LOT of characters that haven't even lived until beyond what happens in this telling. So, it wouldn't matter to reading the Wizard Avail story, and also would gave some context to some of the more bigger themes of Wizard Avail. Anyway, hope you enjoy… peace.

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The Creation and Formation of Mundus, The Universe:

Before anything, there was ***The Creator***/𝌆... the first being to exist in the endless colorless nothingness. The Creator existed for hundreds of years there, losing it's mind slowly and then quickly before collapsing and yelling a great shout of misery of eternal loneliness and state of being unchallenged. His cry and need to be not alone formed the very template of the seemingly endless black fleshing universe, however his body cannot sustain itself from the great amass of energy and exploded from him known as "*The First Nova*", that made incomprehensible level of energy remanent that would make the planets look like atoms in comprehension. This "First Nova" which split The Creator's body into twine, the two pieces torn off and sent flying away became two beings:

The Beginner, the being of only curves and no squareness, and his limbs were only his shapeless hands and arms that woven the chaos and his body into cosmic objects and entities that spread and bend, separate… the sparks to molecules and the first glow of light that flickered like a faint light bulb in the beginnings of existence. Which cannot be held in a box or any trapping crafted... as round and stretching as free as the space clouds. His being made of stars, red, pink and purple cosmic clouds, and the black canvas of the void. Which made him seem like space itself, without those glowing true bright purple eyes that could be seen from the center; they like eternal gems, unblinking... his breathless voice singing hymns and breathing the first words of existence.

Though his opposite counterpart, The Endder, was not so elegant. An apish, humanoid shadowy being that towered over everything, a being of thousand tentacles which each ripped apart globes and stars without rest. Breathing heavily with no grace or had no interest of song... only to do it's will of consumption and ending all that it despise, which is everything except the very void with no objects and the realm of white true colorless nothingness. The only thing that makes him visible from a long distance from the endless cosmos is a great iron helm of war, with three sharp triangular spikes, curved upward like wicked branches. The rest of the creator's body formed into two vast realms that each took half of the known universe:

The endless cosmic gas flames and infernos of ✢ Ignis (“*ig-ness*”), and the great vast crooked mountains and sharp ice curved towers and space glaciers of Frigus (“*fur-ig-ness*”). From these two realms, came the fire giants and the ice giants... the first creations, which fought with each other over control of the cosmos. The armies fought for eons, until The Beginner and The Endder for the first time met in the center, and because they despise each other and want to be the only aspect of The Creator... they fought each other and damaged the already broken fleshling universe. They fought for thousands of years, destroying anything that came into beginning until in a great flash of light, they both sent each other hurtling on the two polar opposite borders of the universe. It decreed at the very inception of existence, that two primal forces formed when life was wrought… the great enemies and deciders of fate: Selfishness and Selflessness, doomed to work with and kill each other for all of time. For selfishness piercing arrow cannot create without the selfless cosmic weaver’s indent, and the selfless hammer be without the physical and great strength of the selfish cowardly shield, though it’s durability questionable.

This event and age would be known as *Büyük Catiʂma* *(“boo-oak cast-tis-mah/kah-dis-mah”)*, which in ancient fairy means: "*The Great Clash*".

After this, the Beginner went to the edge of the cosmos and began the work he started and is still doing even tens of thousands of years later, weaving the great Bhava Wheel (“*bah-vah*”) (meaning in Grey One/Skin tongue: "Creation Weaver"), The Weaving Creation. A wheel starts from the most condensed heat and powerful energy/magic, atoms and molecules come together and spin around in a cacophony which The Beginner poured his will and dreams into. Songs of splendor, sounds of comfort and horror, and the visage of a creation worth his work. Out of it came the cosmic dust, and the blackness which it sat upon: The abyss... his works were started by sharing four primary pieces of himself: the **απίθα** *("ss-pah-if-ah”)/quarks , the* **βεουσία** *(“ex-sir-see-ah”)/ electrons*, the **δγράση** *(“dur-rah-ss-ee”)/hadrons*, the **γῆςτος** *("gay-toe-ss")*/protons and combined the two and decided their form individually, though it seemed like his decisions were less than seconds. These

primary parts formed the silicon and aluminum to make minerals and rocks, and crystallized quartz which would hold the secrets to the next transition after the material realm.

Though none of it was possible, without the presence of a power which Beginner used and others after to influence creation… the secret and mysterious fourth primary: *Акъылертли /Acaconsci (“aah-con-con-chi”)* or just *ζηςhι /Conchi (“con-chi”), The Great Will, The Demand, The Sole Governing Factor.* An element considered the “magic” that would be the powered used and prized by many of the ambitious and would be the creation and influencer of many events to come.

With these four primary building blocks of matter, the Beginner would spins the wheel which weaved the fabric and web of creation that nearly kept expanding infinitely (if the doom prophecy isn't true of course). Though the Endder was angered at The Beginner’s attempts to undermines him and spit out it’s own toxic saliva that landed on the universal border’s weaved fabric, causing the formation of black holes which sucked creation into it. Which the holes destroyed all light and fell into the bottom of the universe. However, this caused a strange effect, where the unknowing Endder's effort of ruining his counterpart's plans for more creation, ended up gathering vast pieces of cosmic dust to form galaxies, which would help Energia and Factorium build stars and planets for The Beginner's plans of creating living beings.

The Endder found his position optimal and began his eternal counterclockwise circular cycle of destruction around the border of the cosmos, forever trying to shave off and consume all of creation back into nothing. While The Beginner stopped and unlike the unthinking destroyer, he came up with a plan to make fix the universe and lead it to prosperity and a stable cycle. So he took the heat and energy of the powerful bright cosmic radiation all over Ignis and formed it into one being of energy **Rон’ъюлЬ/ʒ***Go’nul (“gone-yul (“ like you’ll ”) “)*, later in human tongue known as:

Ǯnergia *("an-ner (like "nerd")-jah")* , The God of Magic, Heat, and of Cosmic Will. And gifted him with a rod of life, which gained sentience and was known as the closest companion and advisor of the high god Energia: Gaia, The Life Giver, the great compassion to rip from herself her own essence to create animals and peoples far beneath her splendor, and yet she gave and gave generously and without need of repayment.

The Beginner separated the ice of ♀Frigus that could not be used, which formed it's own realm of coldness that still exists... and another being formed, which was named *Frigus The Fearful, The One Who First Feared and First To be Alone Without Love*... a being who was the very cold, fear, and lifelessness of the universe, said to perhaps be more powerful than either primordial god... though was with such power would forever be alone, and sing weave songs of loneliness and isolation which shall not be heard. And the rest of the physical matter and the usable ice of Frigus was formed into перфекц мальзʾеме/*Perfekci* Ж*Mal'zem* *("par-feck-kai mal-zz-ah-im (like "him")* "), who would become the infamous being known as *Mechanicus* Ж*actorium* (or just "Factorium"), the Perfectionist *("mech-can-ah-kiss fact-tour-ree-um")*... but for now known as The God of Minerals and Metal. A being which had no time for singing or having any jests or laughs... only to work and discover, to invent and to evolve... never considering the truths which now are important in the hearts of mankind. Which perhaps, made him made his own heart colder than even ever-watching and longing Frigus.

And then as he with his two apprentices, guided creation… The Beginner breathed out *ζηςℎι with on focused the* β*e*ουσία *around the worlds and of all matter around early creation, and focused and excited it to create a physical force, a law of weight that makes things fall and if big enough drags and pulls things toward it in rotation called* **βάροςνόμος** *("bar-ros-no-moe (like "nemo")-ss")*, *The First Law of Matter*. Energia listened and took the words of The Beginner that echoed too all four cardinal corners of existence, while Factorium with the dust from the first planet's formation gathered it's dust and created a stone tablet that he with a metal pin wrote what he witnessed, the first ever writing in existence called: "The *ζηςℎι* Scrolls"; so he would remember and master his creator's abilities… however, he may come close but he will never reach the truest heights of the creator's will (the scrolls would later become the most valuable pieces of writing for mortals, that not even the heavens, or Factorium 50,000 years after their creation. Though it's noted the ones that have it, will have the power to twist reality to their will like the creator god himself).

Thousands, to millions of worlds were made, with new seemingly endless lifeforms... the most known and influential are:

The Pre-Humans, which were the slowest race to evolve in their jungles and plains, but had much promise in the eyes of the Beginner and the peaked interest of Factorium.

The Fairies who guide the seasons through spring to winter and the first to colonize and inhabit their whole world and other worlds

The Ents which lived in their deep vast woodlands of many worlds as guardians, and were unbothered by what happened outside.

The elves that stay in solitude and isolation to learn and grow into their own, but become victims of their own ways of life.

And The Dwarfs that lived in caves and survived from light of sun gems.

And finally the most important in the beginnings of creation: The *Graeg Ghreh ("gr-ay-egg gah-ri")* or "*The Grey Skins/Ones*" which were the wiser ancestors for the orcs, trolls, and goblins, clever and wise, but with some war-like qualities that caused them to fight amongst each other in small skirmishes; although it would grew their knowledge and the arts among the more peaceful ones even more so, becoming of the Three Grand Kingdoms of The Beginning: *Elirth ('ill-lee-er-th")*. The Grey Ones and Fairies became the central forces of their worlds far apart, while the Pre-humans and old elven peoples were busy in tribal warfare. While Energia loved and respected his creations and gave them guided them how to prosper according to how the Beginner wanted them to form.

After the main rules of the universe set in it's very fabric, The Beginner sent Energia and Factorium with the mission of helping with the reforming and creating of the universe, Factorium would make the cores of stars

and the physical planets and gas planets... while Energia would give the energy to give stars glowing power and the planets with heat and water, and Gaia, helping with the fostering of life.

"For those who souls wandering from the beginning and wondering in the endless nothing, as you emerged from that being of order and chaos, the god of true creation and the core at everything you see before you. I shall guide you to the wellspring of Gaia, who she, the mother of all that breathes… shall give you a voice and breath. Though you shall be limited from before in some ways, your awareness and understanding limited by the ego and instincts. You will be able to find the power which rests with feeling in the hand and feet, and the thirst from water, and beauty of other life and great monuments craved by the ethereal and eternal forces around you. The will to be alive is a powerful one and things to find among are sights that I shall give but sadly can never fully appreciate as one that shall never walk with strong footing. This is the gift we shall give, the warmth of another that cares, the binding of unity and fellowship, and the challenge that the physical brings upon body and mind… but whatever you feel the need, your souls shall always find a haven in our arms."

He loved Gaia, and Gaia loved him... until they became married, the first marriage in the most holy of commune, with the brightest songs and most greatest cheer ever heard in all of time… the cosmos, and the truest and greatest image of love singed with the greatest of voices and tunes. A great lonely hill that stood on star dust and the building blocks of planets, that sat by the brightest and most beautiful star in all of existence in the northeast: אוֹר רִאשׁוֹן/*Ohrumri* *("oh-rum-ree")* along the star constellation and space clouds illuminated with the spirit of The Beginner: *Tianchar* *("tee-an-char (like "charcoal") ")* in the forgotten time of day only lived by the gods by the Ohrumri star and not yet built heavens: ὥρα / Horah *("hah-or-rah")*, The Brightest Point of Day. Gaia crafted two crowns made from the amber of her sprouts, though thorned which both did not mind… and put the first rings which were of wax, and each sang their own song to each other as the star Ohrumri finally set on the tenth hour.

"To my heirs and descendants, to the wicked and the fair… to the working and the leadership… I pledge my very being, I will take care all even onto the ending of the creation. To evening star that shines brilliantly above and to the consuming void that nips and drags along my feet below. I shall not abandon thee, or any… even onto the ending of the creation."

"*Renewed the blade wielded in good shall not forever be broken. The old worker that is strong in soul shall not wither, You are the light that shall spring and spread the shadows apart to give passage. The deep roots we sew and others before shall not be touched by apathetic frost. From the ashes of the*

terrors to come, a fire shall burn here… with strength of the Shepherd of Souls and I the weaver of life. The crown of the noble and true may be lost in the storm, but they will not be crownless forever. None who need a home shall be denied… even onto the ending of Creation."

As the ceremony ceased, Factorium who did not come and watched from afar in a newborn planet, at his working forge watched in a jealousy that he himself did not understand. But through his short-sighted ambition, Factorium had enough of watching and scheming along the shadows and pretending to be loyal. Instead of crafting new worlds and putting his own metals, minerals into the planets, he would give knowledge of math and fire craft for mortal beings and mankind to use, and break the rules of creation established… but beyond at the edge of the cosmos, The Beginner knew of this, and watched with curiosity as the one who thought he bested now let his creation do it's work. Factorium Mechanicus used his metals and skills to create his own world of pure metal and steel, cities of an construction far into an advanced future humanity could never create. And then created his own army of metal men, in his very own image… which were cold, and unlike Factorium, had no heart… no empathy… no desire… no love. He then went to the worlds to populate them with his own creations, but a great bolt of lightning was shot between the mechanical being powered and user of the most ancient magic and the peoples of mortal fragile flesh. The Beginner appeared away from his Bhava Wheel for the first time in a thousand years and gave Factorium a silent curse of the everlasting cycle of self-destruction, which could only be showed its true ugly head at the apex of Factorium's plans. And so Factorium was banished, told that he would be destroyed if he used his true terrifying form to the naive mortal beings again. But with that lightning bolt, a piece of Factorium's magical blood and the mist from the planet's core now opened came together and formed the being that would be known as: "*The Living Fog*", taking the form a stead with glowing red jewel eyes and body of smoke... it rode to his master far in the cosmos, and into the great cities of metal and unknowable machines and weapons, and vowed to serve Factorium forever.

As Energia put his whole time to form the main creation to the Beginner's vision, Factorium took long breaks to be alone and think. He did understand form materials and cosmic structures and rules to make a home to live and weapons they could use against The Endder. But he could not understand why these dirty and finite creatures were part of The Beginner's plans. It was first Factorium's loneliness and solitude that made him to start

questioning the Beginner's decisions directly and interrupting his clockwise creation cycle. The Factorium asked questions that not even The Beginner couldn't answer, not out of a lack of knowledge, but because it reached too far and too wide… the simple, and the real, and the now is what The Beginner told Factorium, which dissatisfied the metallic god filled with questions. To focus and to appease him, The Beginner gifted him with cosmic-sized pet tiger made from the void of space, shadowy cosmic clouds: *Chasmah (“cast-mah”)*. But this did little, and instead Factorium became lost in his own thoughts in his private and small closed chamber in a planet's core; Energia began to learn to love and could relate with the organic creatures. Instead of just punching holes in the fabric of reality for Energia to spiral his own energy around to create great stars, and taking pieces of rock and his own spit and crushing into a fine mineral soil along the depths of the worlds filled with deep expansive oceans and unbreathable gas giants, he created wellsprings of hydrogen and oxygen ignited into a ball of flame and fragments of iron in some cores, which he formed into his fortifications that he could hide from the eyes of his brother and the Beginner to begin his own “experiments” and studies during the transitional age called: “*The Scrolls of Scholarly Findings*”. The age where Factorium wrote his scrolls on his findings of matter and space, and his first and greatest achievements and inventions… these being the first scrolls written, scrolls written in the first people's and the God Tongue or The Wordless Knowledge which would to sought after as a means of gaining great power by gods and mere mortal kings, inventors, and warriors long after they were lost.

“I shall find all things and increase productivity. Unlike, the Beginner who forms and throws it for his apprentices to mold. Energia and his Gaia who rides off of my efforts. If it was the one to form it, but I was the one who guided it into it's proper place… then I would be just as capable to form it as well? My craft is tuned and experimented to it's absolute certainty of peak success and peak usefulness to it's category of work. The Lazy God shall use me, as I relay on it and my brother to set the template… but I will be the victor in the battle of wills. Energia's life will know but suffer in the game of hunger, and questions, and of prey and predator. Even when it's a ruined mess that will end in misery, a useless and unproductive experiment. Though, I shall indulge and help the poor trapped souls, with the ultimate weapon… knowledge. For knowledge is the greatest of powers, the power to bend the scales of Beginner and Energia's laws to it's knees… and so it is the supreme power of Factorium.”

Factorium would write scrolls of metal prints as he slammed his hammer into thin metal and formed his great inventions… and he drew and wrote millions of calculations and formed the basis which mortals would use to found their lesser mathes… which all tools and material utterly came from Factorium.

One scroll from Factorium in particular: ***The Tzma*** *("taz-ah-mah")* of Knowledge" would be a relic he would make copies of and leave traces of the obsidian parchment all over creation… which would detail Factorium's philosophy and the grand knowledge he gained, being the most scholarly and knowledgeable being in all of existence when it comes to the rules and material realm. First, one must know and understand the rules and ways to manipulate the material realm and all value inherently comes from what you see, hear, and what you feel must change or what must be followed to gain dominance which will grant you the intelligence that grants the freedom you desire. Then, for ones who delve deeper, there is perfectionism, to eliminate all possible errors and flaws in everything and every being in order to be invincible and at your max potential. Though for the ones who read his studies would become jaded, as the only path to true knowledge and curiosity answered without restriction is to rid of morality in the eyes of Factorium.

In acknowledgement, the followers that knew of their lord and never came back to the arms of Energia, would make a flag of symbols that Factorium preferred. *"Strong base of reality and sense, which six pillars and no less to assure stability for the platform that held ten formulas to solve all immediate problems and five spokesmen to relay and rely on as truest allies. And three triangles separated each into two, which shall form any shape desire for expansion, evolution, and domination. And in it's center, the ever-watching eye of vision to uphold your desires against the universe's attempts to undermine, as absolute and unbreaking. Red in the beauty of the rose, and the blood that courses through and the fluid that powers the machine of industry. And the color black, the color of the void, the only unyielding and unchanging perfect form."*

The Dwarfs and The Snake Ringed:

He has lost himself in his own craft and discoveries, in his conquering of matter… his own indirect empire expanding like a parasite through the stars, world to world the use of Factorium's knowledge and some giving fully in. The dwarfs who were once simply cave dwellers on the tall mountainous and sunless world of: *Ziet Hala* *("zah-ight hal-lah")*, walking in the dark with only cave rats and other foul things for food, which only miles deep where the hot springs the closest to the flickering core is where they could even roast meals. Fire was a far-off thing for them, faint… they both didn't and did need it. But the usefulness of the springs and ones who own

the land they stood on kept the secrets of fire lost. The only other warmth was from the gems of sun, magically remnants said to be bits of skin of the dwarf's creator god. Some residing in dark places, in tracks of caves nearly tens of miles and sometimes over hundred-mile journey apart. The only way to survive like any creature born of light, was to stay close to the gems or be stuck in a losing battle fending off the unknowables in the lightless parts of the caves. Though, there was one place that the first dwarfs migrated to and found, a great cavern where the majority of the sun gems and the largest pieces of the sun gems that were ever found which they built their small settlement of 45 people around… the settlement named by Yimmir The First, the eldest of them all: Adamonds, The Great City Under Gemlight *("add-ah-mend-ss") (like saying "vitamin")*.

The current Cavern Lord *Mótsodur The Second* ("*moat-sill-der*") was mending his business, traveling alone not too far away from the city to gather supplies and kills some of the large cavern creatures and whatever herbs and strange foods they carried in hopes to feed his starving people. He traveled a bit too far, and felt he was lost, even though he went through the specific cave system which he named: "The Snake's Eye", which eventually lead to the stone structure where deep enough the water actually flowed, waterfalls flowing over a stone shaped like a snake's head which only had one eye. Soon there was no light and even his own lantern went out, he thought he oiled it up only an hour ago. He panicked and tried to find a means of escape, but to no avail… the walls seemed to come closer and closer, and the cold of the air more chilling and invading his body's pours to freeze his very bones. In the darkest moment, Mótsodur tripped on a rock, and fell onto a wall; though when he awoke he was in for a surprise. He was in a glowing room made of entirely sun gems, glowing brighter than he ever imagined which nearly blinded him as he tried to cover his eyes with his arm. Letting his eyes adjust to the luminescent light, he finally put his bulky armored arm down over his breaded face and horned helm and saw a being of gold and nearly as bright as the sun gems. A feminine angel cloaked in golden light and golden armor, with glowing and flowing blonde hair and eyes of white and most gleaming gems that a man or even dwarf could scarcely imagine.

In the center of the room, was a stone well where the maiden stood with her hands on the brick-built well's edge and peered into it where a dark pit that eventually lead to water laid though mostly kept her wide gaze to the dwarf. Lord of the Feasting Stone Hall Mótsodur who was armored in his royal chest and crown of iron stood at awe and unprepared, thought he saw the goddess from their songs, and kneeled to the angel though normal sized towered over the dwarf. He looking back up from the ground to the fair visage of her soft face, he asked what her name was, but she replied: "You are kind, but I wish you would tell me your name first. It's only polite for the lesser to speak first.". He said his title, lordship, and birth name which she seemed to not take much mind in and answered the dwarf's previous question… her name was *Atheusadriel, The Maiden of The Sun* ("*augh (like laugh)-fee-ious-ah-dr-ill (saying like the tool "drill")* "). Though she encouraged him to keep to his feet and asked in a smoothing and bright voice how his day was going. "***Well… I did not do much. This whole day wasn't like my usual killing of beasts, taking their arms and goods, and having a good pint of ale at the end at noon with a couple of good lads. It's been depressing morning till evening, long damn trip to I don't even know!***" Mótsodur said shyly, unusual for someone as brash and talkative as him, the master of the cheer at feasts and parties. But the dwarf did not have much to talk about, and it seemed to the angel regrated bringing it up and moved from the topic. She told him that she has come back to the dwarves to offer them a way to gain their own feet again, she gestured for the dwarf to get up and come over. When they both stood next to the edge of the well, the dwarf in curiosity pulled himself with his tiny though strong frame to the top of the well and became was mesmerized by the well's bottom. The water almost disappearing and only a nearly endless tunnel to who knows where was in it's place. The dwarf nearly lifted himself off the ground to peer closer and tried to look, but Atheusadriel stopped him from peering further. She gave a look and looked back to the well, and held her hand out over the hole… suddenly, little white crystals formed from her hand, and growing on top each other like elevating stalactites which growing into silver white crystals. Outreaching like am arm of the well, five other branches from the solid ground growing on each side and came together to form a silver glass ball. It seemed just transparent, but then images of a time not yet passed shown there which Mótsodur was more amazed by. In the peering crystal orb, it showed images of a grand civilization where great mines were forged and hundreds of dwarves lived in peace and prosperity as they sit under the foot of the throne, where a statue of

Mótsodur with a crown and hands on a grand hammer staff was shown. He would become nearly a god… from her golden dress, gives the chief ginger bearded dwarf a scroll and told him to keep it secret and save… giving him specific instructions to improve life for people and himself.

After this exchange Mótsodur would returned to his people the breaking news of this new knowledge for months they went from cave dwellers to great basins and the first miners among being Midas The Gold Finger, Ceaser Auberich who was a life long friend of Mótsodur

And years later the once tiny little town would become a center of enterprise and commerce, a village of mere 45, now after just a few hundred years are over 1000 and counting. They delved into the caves and gang threw the craft of hammer and the pickaxe the jewels that they never thought they would gain, and would become wealthy… very wealthy. What are the guys in instruction ohh now don't ask the Lord of Masons, craft the blade with handle guards and maces of metal for battle, and dual axes with pretty gems embedded… in Mótsodur's own hammer was a sun-gem. Another joined among them, a dwarf not so brawny or brave and true… one named: *Arascain Emmanunal Erskine ("air-rah-scah-ang , ee-man-you-will , er-skin")*, who would become the Lord of the sun gem city treasury.

Many years later, one day after a long night of work at the forge to repair a particularly irksome piece of tool… he retired to his quarters at the top of the castle, and went to bed with his loving wife and child in the other room sleeping under his warm cloth blanket which material it came from shall not be mentioned and fell asleep. In that dream, he woke at a realm of mist where just sudden light came over the seen, nearly threatening the blind the old king… he opened his eyes to see three figures floating above him, 2 he felt like he had seen before in a dream and at the beginning of his own life but the third at the furthest right was unknown to him.

"The words you have been taken as granted though are very much necessary he and not of what he betrays herself to be, is one you should take caution and be wary of trusting every word spoken. For this angel that has came to you though of great knowledge is a being selfish in nature and that control it wishes to suffocate all correlation with may take yours your own soul as well. That is my warning to you generous and fair dwarfen master of the caves."

The dwarf wanted to speak, To defend the one who's given him so much knowledge. "***But that's preposterous! How do I know that you are not the liars and tricksters be gone from my mind, you devils!"***

Then another being appeared from the shadow after the dwarf spoken his father from the afterlife came out from behind the central being the most radiant and brightest (Energia), And floated down and touch the ground to speak to his son. The ghost of his old father appeared before him and he could not understand. ***"What wicked sorcery is this?!"***

"This is no sorcery, boy. Don't you recognize your old man? Give it here!"

The two hugged for the first time in 2 hundred years.

"You should listen well to those radiant three son, I've thought and felt they were a bunch of lies like the faint Flies, know that you will feel now we came from here if we came from them they are the angels and the one you've been speaking to this whole time has not a lick of that light within them."

"Father… I missed you… (*sigh*)… I missed you so much. I don't know how manage anything. There's so many things people want me to constantly check on, and pester me like I did something wrong. You always seem to know what you are doing."

"Utter nonsense! Where did yah pull that overly fair idea from?" He laughed. ***"I was making up the whole time straight the arse the whole time, HAHA!"*** He bellowed out almost like he was a troll, and slapped his son on the back, and nearly tried to bear hug him.

Suddenly the third mysterious one, lesser, but no less radiant than the other two spoke:

"I, The Heavenly King, Energia and The Beginner may take the length of a volcano's lifespan and the drip of pitch, and rarely the speed of molasses to act… but when we do, be weary as our wrath will punish all that is involved… but in the end, the dead shall raise… the browned grass shall blossom to flowers. And the world will resume and carry on for the better. Your empire, like a tree, shall decay and die… and only the good you have done shall be etched in the halls of ***Χρόνροή*** */ Chonroi (The Angel Scripter and loop fixer of Time) ("crah-oh-nah-row-ee") and craved by men in their halls of mortal history. I implore and do not say that you shouldn't have listened to Atheusadriel, for look and where you have gotten."*

He turned to behind him, his feet floating bare over the now watery and reflective ground, and with a wave of the third figure's hand, a vision appeared in the mist showing the progress of Adamonds. The many dwarfs that once lived in huts now

"But do not relay on her words as your block to stand over the ragging sea… Thaw your heart of the cold baroness's logistics, empire building, there is always time to focus in on that. And more often than that, time for loved ones is both plentiful and limited. When you return, go see the warmth of your compassion for the betterment of others' dispositions, bring them to a higher standard when the time is right to do so, and not torture yourself until then. For, control is like the tools you have become a master mason of forging, with heat and hot stone bending, welding, forming into shape. It is the tool to bring stability. And know this well, the paradox, that occurs almost in the act of free thinking… when you make your control you're very meaning, you will breed chaos.

The one who has given you means of development and prosperity himself does not understand this, nor will ever. Be cautious, and trust your heart to do what's right… do not return to that room where the false maiden of light lays, for your soul will be his for eternity."

The dwarf hesitantly and shyly responded to his gods above him: ***"Do you have faith I will make the right choice? I'm not sure I do myself…"***

"Do not assume that, great lord of masons. I do, we do… and all in heaven… but just not for you. We have faith for you, and faith we shall have until the last stars die and all of the universe becomes lightless. Go now… do what you feel is right, and know we will always be with you… even when you fail. We will pick you back up, if you put trust in your deepest self."

The dream faded away as quickly as it emerged, and the dwarf king awoke… in a cold sweat. He looked to his wife by his side, still sleeping, and to his son in the other room… the doorless opening showing his son sleeping on his side with his head rested on his hands, and pillow lifting them both off from the cold stone craved "mattress". Worry came to him, worry for his family… for his future. But then, with such curiosity empowered by just worry… came questions, and then his pride mad that he had to ask this to himself and not be always sure in his resolve; he questioned everything. ***"Why should I listen to some three random beings on strings above me? They haven't helped me, only reminded me what I already knew!"*** Mótsodur mumbled to himself, and was sure to himself. He felt the need to get up, and his body now became restless in pacing like his restless mind: *"Why did they came to me in the first place, why now? Why would they choose now, even though my colony has become more prosperous than ever?! It doesn't make since…*" Than Mótsodur's worries started boiling up to the surface, and his pride caught on to it, and his ego was enforced. ***"Why should I, the greatest dwarf, lord in***

our history since the Great Frost where my father emerged. Listen to some dream fantasies? They never helped me, only that maiden of the sun has!"

Later that day, as his brothers and him As his brothers in him where in the northeast mining shaft, they took down a elevator of wooden cart and chains down into a small in length though very wide crevice opening up into a deep narrow hole going down for miles… some of them thinking it went to the core.

After a hard day's work… *Mótsodur now the senior left the halls* left and goes to the deepest mines in secret to who only Auberich is the dwarf that knows, to meet with Lady Atheusadriel, and confront her.

"Lady Atheusadriel… I came to you in a tragic time for my kin. A design for our elevator which we thought was squeaky clean, failed and caused the fatality of Huan Oreman ("who-win or-man"). I cannot proceed with endangering my men with such a faulty design, do you have any inslight on-"

But the lady's radiance became slightly dimmer, as her disapproved.

"such a small thing... is beneath my attention. you have the intelligence of rat? to come forth to me like I would give you all the answers. but do not leave yet."

The dwarf king did not understand: ***"But… then how-"***

But before Mótsodur could answered, the maiden of gleam replied about a new subject: "we must turn our attention somewhere else... something much more distressing..." The dwarf looked with confusion, but listened.

" in order for you, lord mótsodur of the mountains and mines hold your craft true and dominate in that field, to allow the growth of your young but even now powerful potential of an grand empire. you must sacrifice the words that you may have heard, the love of energia, this... "love of yourself and your soul" and the love of others. how can this matter when you will die of disease and financially disability with the failings of your mining operations in the past and now with suboptimal methods? that being of nothing more than lights and smoke cannot be more truthful than the flesh and blood being standing before you. the lies of those three, they shall fail you and rid yourself of your necessary ambition. you must commit to the building of your future with an act of patokoikoxeve / pateeyoc ("pat--tea-ee-yok"). gather the allies that which have followed your craft, and after your gathering, end the lives of your dissenters that chain you so. free yourself, and show the world who you really are, a powerful leader among your respected peers, respected for a long time as a hallmark of dwarven history."

"But what do you mean by this, wise one? Do you imply?... I…"

Then, her head leaned to the side a bit, her voice she spoke to the lord of caverns becoming more softer though more direct.

"I had heard your close brother and wife wanted you to stop, and your political equal: ceaser Auberich, sees much in your ideas. Your son very much looks up to him as well... He shall be your brother in these trying times, and a hand for your head to lay in your sorrow."

When Mótsodur*'s older brother was brought up,* Mótsodur's brows naturally furrowed… he did not know what his supposed ally was implying: ***"What did you say? I… I do what?!"*** And with the final words, she turned to him, and her neutral eyes for a second had a glint of red in them.

"Kill your brother and wife, and free yourself of their influence to obtain true freedom for yourself. You're dwarfen brothers were always a greater family than those idliers (ones who sit idly by with far off words of encouragement) and Cowards."

But in that moment, the golden maiden mistaken Mótsodur intent, and what drove him… his words reached too far and touched too deeply to disguise the figure within his true goals. In that moment the Mighty Mason, The Lord Of The Hammer and Of The Caverns, one of the first to awake and dwell under the gleam of the sun gems across the caves… and the son of the first and greatest of the dwarfs: *Ymimir Mótsodur (“yah-mah-ear”)*, Durin Mótsodur *(“do-rah-in”)* The Second yelled a brilliant war cry that sounded across the entire planet, with the power deep within from a place of holiness, the power given by Energia and Gaia… whose cry echoed in his, the will of life and peace that no false form and mask could be worn against. And so the light of the maiden dissipated as the cry ended, and the room surrounded in a thick layer of fog… and once was the maiden fair now risen something unknown and unspeakable… Mótsodur saw a sight of evil which as the being got up stood like a house over him. Glowing eyes tainted in red, instead of skin and bone there is black charred metal, board shoulders square and sharp corners and points with no roundness, no innards to show it even had the ability to breath and consume… and in it's board metal mouth, great sharp razor teeth more beast than man. For the first time in all his 300 year life span, Durin Mótsodur felt true fear for his soul. With one raise of a giant mace out of the fog, the being smited Durin into charred flesh pudding. Auberich heard the noise from his own chamber in great palace of Adamonds with four towers, and a fifth tallest, which at it's pinnacle was the largest piece of sun gem to be found named: *“Witin (“wit-ten”) or The Wise Men”.* Auberich would rush into the room hearing

the noise and entered the brilliant room of gems now covered in darkness and fog to see a monster that looked to him with the same glare and authority as Atheusadriel, though less kind and subtle and much more filled with pride. Auberich stunned silent as the being approached, which it first saw Auberich posed to strike him down quickly, but became calm. The intent read like a book, for the lesser did not desire to fight… in a manner that his equal politically would never do, the descendent of the second dwarf to live he looked into the eyes of the towering metallic king and he kneeled to one knee and bowed to Factorium. Factorium laid his cursed metal hand flat on Auberich's neck, which gave a sting of cold more fierce and potent than he ever felt before.

For his loyalty and his devotion to his new master, Factorium gave a small piece of his power to shape materials around him and his great magic into a small brass ring with a symbol of a snake that has a pike through both it's ends, the snake contorting to form a "S". Browned bearded and hammer wielding mason lord was thrilled, but Factorium warned Auberich he must not enter the political scene among the Clan of Ceaser and the Clan of Mótsodur in the city. ***" Rather, you must choose an ally of his own to represent, and Auberich will manipulate him in the shadows, while the son of Durin: Siegfrin Mótsodur ("sah-ig-free-an"), will face the "traitor" who killed his father, being his trusted hand you have picked. While you being his close uncle will counsel and help the boy grow into a perfect king."***

Factorium laughed out his own machinations and left Auberich in the chamber, who himself had his own plans for the boy. During this time, Factorium would transform himself into a false Durin and goes into the family abode of the head Mótsodur chief family and in the night, murders Durin's father and wife… his son seeing this, losing faith in his own father and vows revenge as Durin ran off into a random cave and disappeared into thin air as prince Stegfrin gave chased…. Becoming much closer to the "sympathetic" Auberich, all according to Factorium's plan.

"Still think the boy's worth the trouble?" Auberich laying on his now immortal arm resting on the arm rest of the stone throne… not knowing what to do next and malcontent. His gaze stayed fixed on the opposite wall, where damp stains spread like old maps. The air hung thick with mildew and something sharper. Metal. Old

blood, maybe. A faint scuffling echoed from the corridor outside, listening rats scurrying away. Fingers tapped a slow rhythm against the cold stone.

Factorium adjusting his green crystal of poison apparatus on his old staff and looking back to his ally: ***"Every pawn has potential. Even the boy… I see a future that lies beyond us. I've calculated it to it's precise destination. The boy shall be our scapegoat. As how would the loyal and humble advisor of the compassionate king, be the one behind the killing of his truest friend's family? And how would he be response for the sadden and depressed new king's fall to the blade? Surely it would be just to have Auberich take the reins after two monarchs of the opposite first family?"*** His fingers traced the crystal's facets, casting fractured light across his both humanoid and insectoid metal face. Dust motes danced in the beams like unsettled spirits. Auberich rubbing his nails against the stone. ***"Potential dies easy when you cast a dark shadow upon it, we dwarfs free the dark… especially what lays in it. How do you except none to find out this treacherous plot?"***

"You overestimate the logic of you talking beasts…" He strode toward the arched exit, bare scrape-less metallics scraping on pointed rough stone floor which even layered leather boats get scratched, Auberich feeling offended and scared to make any action. Factorium turned before leaving, as he opened the iron door of Auberich's chamber. ***"Emotion and empathy shall cloak our deed."*** The heavy iron door shut behind him, leaving Auberich alone with the hum of miners breaking off stone.

Outside, Factorium vanished into twisting tunnels only he knew. He shed his identity like a worn cloak. His bones cracked and reshaped, skin rippling like disturbed water. Where the schemer stood, Durin now breathed—same scar across the knuckles, same slight limp from the mine collapse. The false Durin climbed toward the Mótsodur chief's dwelling. Torchlight flickered ahead, revealing carved family runes above the threshold. He paused, listening to laughter drift from within. A woman's voice sang off-key, accompanied by a child's giggle as the child's 6th birthday commenced. His hand closed around the dagger's hilt.

Night deepened as he slipped inside. Shadows clung to him like loyal hounds. He moved past sleeping quarters, toward the main hearth-room. Durin's father snored in his chair, empty ale mug dangling from limp fingers. The dagger flashed once. Twice. No cry escaped. Only the fire crackled, indifferent. In the adjacent chamber, Durin's wife stirred at the wet sound. She sat up, eyes wide in the gloom. ***"Love? You're back early—"*** The blade found

her throat before she saw the stranger's eyes. Blood soaked the furs. Silence fell, thick and suffocating. A small figure appeared in the doorway. Stegfrin, barely ten, clutching a wooden toy hammer. He stared at his father's face—his father's hands red to the wrist. The toy clattered on stone. The boy didn't scream. Didn't weep. His voice was a frozen river and the False Durin smiled who towered over his boy. ***"Necessity, son. For our kingdom… no distractions."*** He took a step forward, bloody dagger outstretched. ***"Come now. Don't—"***

Stegfrin bolted out of room and away from the palace as Durin's smile grew wider, and away from everyone and everything he knew that he once trusted. Not toward the tunnels, but deeper into the mountain. Toward the old collapse, the forbidden caves. His footsteps echoed like frantic heartbeats. Behind him, Durin gave chase looking like a mad man to the wives observing from the front yards and inside from the brick house windows. Prince Stegfrin scrambled over fallen rocks, tears blurring the jagged walls. He didn't look back. Couldn't. The image burned behind his eyes: his father's smile above the knife. His mother's gasp. He reached a fissure—a narrow crack breathing cold air. Without hesitation, he squeezed through. Darkness swallowed him whole. Outside, Durin halted just in-front of the gape before giving the boy a cruel grin so wide and broken that no creature of flesh could do and ran off and disappearing into thin air. He wiped the dagger clean on his sleeve. Perfect. The boy would emerge broken... far away in a cave no one dealt but monsters, Factorium's real laugh, low as it bounced off walls like the mountain's echo and hidden with the roar of a beast of a wicked mind satisfied, finally escaped. It died quickly in the empty tunnel which no living being heard other than a disappointed brother in heaven and an apathic god of beginning.

Later that month, Auberich now called "*The Snake Ringed Lord*" among his own followers and people, he would rename his own family tree and people along the joining of followers of the teachings of Atheusadriel who did not run away after hearing her true identity as the Lord of Material- Grand Supreme God Factorium… they would fully worship the being and become his living thinking servants as Ceaser Auberich The One Ringed forming it into *The Clan of The Iron* Έξι τρι / *Éxi Tri ("ex-ee try")*, or The Grand Masons Clan.

Factorium would appear in his true form among his followers in stone mineral planet of Ziet Hala near the center of the cosmos more often. Chief Auberich soon made construction by his master's specifications that make *The Tower of Spectacle*. A weapon that only he and Factorium's generals known it's power, which terrified even the ambitious Auberich himself.

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The First Kingdom's Raise:

The way Factorium was able to disguise himself as any of the mortal races was with the help of his closest and greatest ally: "The Living Smoke", which in way was a piece of the engineer god himself. To test his creation, he had it battle against Chasmah The Great Tiger of Space Clouds, which Factorium though liked to use as his trash bin for failed projects and studies that went nowhere, he always had a hatred for the creature as he resented his own creator. The Living Smoke dueled with it for twelve nights and days but on the thirteenth on the day of marking Factorium first awakening with the small star that bearly produced any light on the vast metal city; The Living Smoke bit and chewed off Chasmah right ear off, leaving it in pain and with one great bite the being of smoke devoured Chasmah's head. Gaining some of the essence of divine power within it, and impowered the being further, and the final betrayal of Factorium before he waged his war. Factorium would then use the Living Smoke to transform himself into the most beautiful and respected qualities in their customs and their bias. He came to them and offered knowledge and metal forging, house and weapon building techniques to make their civilizations grow much faster with the promise they would worship him and follow Factorium's principles of envy, ambition, and dominating over more moral people's wills. Factorium came to them as one of their gods, feathered and covered in gold and false light… one wanted to learn how to no longer gather vegetables and fruits, nuts and beans… for their hungered for more, before the coming of the first famine. Factorium granted him this, and took the walking stick he used to hike up mountains and bent it into a half circle. Then, with a stick and rock he craved him a stone and metal triangle and sat it up-top the stick shaved to a taper. The grey one known as Adam asked ***"How did you do this? Mighty one from the skies?"***… And the false god smiled,

and showed him the symbol of the triangle, his cursed design and a branch he took from a tree nearby and covered in oil, and with a flick of a rock caused a burning flame to occur; a sight Adam never seen but was amazed by. And then the angel proclaimed: “Use the grand shape of the corners of tri and fourths to build your people’s houses greater and sturdier which already sit on stable grounds. And use this we call $\varphi\omega\tau\pi\upsilon\rho$ / *Fotphr Ignis ("fought-mor-ss-bill")*

and all then would set into motion. Hunting which brought great cheer and feast, building of relationships and love… but life sacrificed for the name of Factorium The Great. His knowledge now sat into the minds of mortals and change their ways into seeming prosperity, but a chain was formed… and it encircled and would not break until the end of days.

Energia eventually came down to King Adam, the discoverer of fire and arrow… and asked:

“You who have started a world beyond your old. I did not expect, but through the dark knowledge you have gained you, you have brought a great age upon your people and all others after. But I warn you… that I will cherish and love all who have accepted this for itself is not evil. But if you kill without cause and do not mourn, neither help guide its soul in song or say your apologies in any way. Judgement shall come upon your door, and after.”

In the beginning, the first animals hunted in the meadow, with no trees or burrows. The foxes killed the old rabbits that were near death, and lions would eat the old foxes, and bears ate their fish of the flowing rivers and reached to consume bee honey which they would continue to do so long afterward. The Grey Ones though were exposed and used their natural strength as great as a bear and greater numbers to keep their way of life before, but with the invention of the arrow by Factorium's introduction to Adam of the triangle, they would create spears, bows, and arrows that utilized the cornered point as natural remarkable claws to easily kill their foes. Eventually the animals ran from the meadows, and hid in the territory of the bears, elephants, and bears which was the jungles and forestlands across the world of Eden. This domination would give raise to the first empire, would born and wrought with skirmishes… which as the weapons changed and the designs approved with the whispers of Factorium in their halls, would lead to the *Yalta Clan ("yah-al-tah")* of King Adam to dominate the other tribes of Eden, creating spreading over hundred acres and three cities became the first empire formed by mortal beings known as the The Yalta *Elirth* ('ill-lee-er-th") Dominion. This great expansion would darken the prospects of all wild life they once roomed free and fled. However, the few villages that survived slowly off the land and vegetable and knew still the ancient techniques of gaining clean water that Gaia and Energia showed them when they lived as mortals among them when the first worlds of life were born. They knew to clean water through stones to gain minerals and also use the recent invention that became the dominating factor of the raise of the Yalta's power, the control and use of fire. While the Yalta used that fire to expand endless and find comforts they never knew, the ones who suffered but were content in their small country land and humble homes of sticks and stacked and tied hay instead feed the land and protected it, working with the plants which in return gave them sap, rice, wheat, cucumber, and kale. Because of only eating this, rather than goat and rabbit meat and constantly giving their apology ceremonies after, the towns of Eden that survived off vegetables known as: Munderi Saqalgan ("*mun-der-ice say-quell*") or just *The Munderice*.

King Adam, though filled with pride, did not want to upset the being he knew from seeing him and feeling his presence and emotion… he was his creator. So Adam swore to his, and all other sons and daughters of him… and they held true, and killing ones that harmed them, and ones helping ones dying, giving a deeper understanding of the great circle of life. This allowed the Graeg Ghreh to thrive and become one of the greatest

civilizations, all upholding except for two… the two who shall divide and lay prosperity into ruin: Mad King Cain and The Daughter Who Poisons- Hecate. They, who were hungriest of both genders, sought more out of their boring lives than just the fruits and greens of Gaia and Energia. So, they sneaked into the outer lands where the animals of great challenge like: bears, horses, lions, beavers, elephants and wolves… and the lesser that would hide and flee when the first mortal fire was lit and chased their ancestors down: foxes, rabbits, hares, and birds… which though even hurt by the first sin, the elephants and beavers would still help with the organize of dying trees and flowing rivers to sustain life even after the dawn of the invention of mortal empires.

They sneaked in and Hecate, the first of magic, casted a spill to make the more powerful animals slumber, while the fierce and mighty Cain with his curved blade cut the guts and legs of the smaller animals and took their flesh and ran. Gaia was outraged, but Energia professed that she did not get involved, for they have their punishment. Hecate and Cain danced a jig in celebration around their campfire of bones, and both grew fat that day. But the meal and it's great taste poisoned the minds of Cain and Hecate, and with no morals and ethics they subscribe to… they fell into a slow madness of consume and sin. King Adam called them out publicly in the square telling all of their actions, and they need to stop their sinning against the heavens. Hecate and Cain refused and even laughed at their old father… in the night, they did the unthinkable… and killed their own father. Cain taking the throne, and Hecate becoming the Princess of Poison, Cain becoming the first Mad King… Hecate would despise any maidan that showed in her royal hall who others saw as beautiful, would be more beautiful than her and poisoned them. All her royal husbands who disagreed, who did not give her any offspring or satisfy her requests, their heads would fall in their soups, dead. Cain would wage the first and most horrifying wars, nearly killing his entire people. The Mad King would kill anyone who did not follow his insane criminal law, killing every man and woman who done a simple crime… even thievery or homelessness.

Eventually, Hecate's endless breeding with anything that she considers "man-enough" would cause the birth of The Minotaur, a beast half bull and half man that was filled with both the wrath of King Cain and the envy of the alchemist and so raid the countryside and laid waste to many villages. Eventually, the young son of Energia would help guide the brave Hercules to defeat this beast and lead it back into the grave, defeating as well the Neman Chimera, a creature created with the first mortal magic by Hecate that breathed fire, with the head of a lion, head of a raven, and tail with the head of a dragon, dragon and Revan wings, lion's body… to protect the home of The Minotaur from dying at the hands of the many soldiers and warriors that wanted to kill Hecate's child to avenge their fallen children and wives from Great Famines caused by The Yalta Clan highborns overuse of the land (lead by Hecate) also caused by blood-soaked fields from The Mad King's raids, and the raids themselves.

Finally, the people had enough… what Energia warned in their dreams came to pass. A group of the Mad Cain's royal advisors along with the mid-wives and female servants of the cruel Hecate came together, and in twos' sleep, stabbed them repeatedly over and over again like the defensively creatures they slaughtered. They were dragged by their legs and sat in the town square, put on a wooden stake. The two ever-siblings cursed, Cain vowing revenge against them and their descendants for all eternity, and Hecate casting spells of turn all's ear inward and vile. But, before a spark was even about to ignite, Gaia came in a show of light… Energia took the two evils and took them away into the darkest places of the world, where no mortal need to stain their hands with their wicked blood. Instead, Gaia took the form of the two and let them burn her. She burned in flame, her wooden and green turning to ash… her false appearance already decaying, but her spirit glowing more brighter then even the brightest of stars. She took the mountain of sin the two have wrought and let the universe place the injustice upon her, let her pay the price as a beacon of absolute ethics and not her endlessly flawed children, who would be haunted. And there after, the heavens would be aspired by her first sacrifice to keep the empathy

and sanctity of her creations, and the angels and her great choir would do work dedicated to that idea for thousands of years to come.

In two separate places in space, two witches…. The daughters of Hecate, daughters of ♊/Tenebris, or unnamed archons of The Titans… their origins do not matter, even to themselves. Both tug on a great rope that keeps a great central stone pillar tied up by the rope… one goes to either side complete, and the rock will collapse… on right side is Sel The Witch of Sacrifice who stands on fluffy and soft white snow… and on the left side is Selfi, The Witch of Want who stands on a boiling and fuming ground of black tar… and in between them both there is the pillar and a large acre of plain grey stone… not special and

unremarkable… normal. These two pulling and tugging for eons, either one triumphs and a great dark event or a great peace followed by a great decline comes after.

The much later Yalta Elirth undergoing several names over three thousand years, would end up trying to transition into a group living in one home in equal share philosophy-based society under the creation and charge of a political figure known as *Baron Fallo ("fall-low")*, which had an encounter with a ghostly figure a few years before. But only a hundred years in, it fell apart as it lead to the *Burning of Eden*… a event where the military and under the charge of the royal class who promised to fix the problems of the past were the ones to starve the villagers and cut away the river water, as famines and skirmishes lead to not only the deaths of many Grey Ones but also to the eventually starvation of the leadership itself. Factorium noticing this event in his great tower, stated in the last of his scrolls: "*Perhaps when mortal group hierarchy must exist when not everyone can know everyone, the leader to make adjustments each person that lives there. It's likelihood of succeeding in small villages under mere mayors seems great, but under an nation seems impossible. Impossible not to expect a complete fall as the conditions for one group or leader propped up by a group takes it's place, as hierarchy comes back for it's revenge. Which hierarchy is inherently unequal, though echoes it's divine authority in the rule set of the animal kingdom and of creation.*"

Right before this time, Factorium would find himself curious in the ways of mortals, and wanting to not gain some much attention from his "brother" and the over-observant Heavenly King. So he took a form of a Grey One named Ein Fallo and *Venna Eleos ("vah-ee-knee-ah , L (letter "L")-lee-oh-ss")* soon renamed at their marriage Venna Fallo conceived the child that would become a famous figure both in physical science and to the beginnings of mortal alchemy and mortal magic: *Ernic Mach Neuton ("earn-ss-cee mah-ock new-ten").*

Many years later into his adulthood, Ernic in his 20s would gained great famous with his inventions and discoveries which transformed the minds of The Grey Ones who lived at the dawn of High Elirth. Though he claimed to the people when he went on his city tours, and they asked many questions… he did indeed had help by his father sometimes, but more than anything his ideas came from others in his field and mostly "*by an unknown force flooding ideas in my head, perhaps the Conscious God himself.*" . A few weeks after Ernic went

on those tours and returned to his grand mansion home in-between two houses on a streetside, his father Ein Fallo would come to Ernic's door. He simply asked to have a cup of tea and biscuits with his son, though when Ernic asked to sit by the fireplace; Ein suddenly sneered and said he will never sit by "*such meddlesome light*". The two sit on their velvet chairs and converse about the state of things, Ernic's creation of the concepts of gravity, the glass prism which his father helped him with, and the orbit of the planets… which Ein was slightly confused by. Eventually Ernic talked about how he wanted to bring more people under his wing, but Ein evoked that Ernic not forget both helped him with his idea crafting and gave him the funds to do so. In response, Ernic told his father:

"***Father, what you don't know may make you weaker, but it's make you innocent. Knowledge can be corrupting but is always necessary like you have said. But know that corruption is present, and it has destroy people just as much as naivety, refusal of gaining knowledge, arrogance, and over reaching ambition. But as well, you and I, which all beings that live share… is that we will never know everything, and so we cannot allow ourselves to think this way if we want to pursue unity. Not a single person, has all the answers, but a group of people may have enough to be stable.***"

At that response, Ein Fallo jerked up from his chair so fiercely that it fell backward, the firepit at the other side of the mansion on the side of the city street going out.

"***How can you act like you were separate? Your ideas your own, when you came utterly from me as your father and creator? When your maths, science, civilization, and architecture came from me? You are utterly and always are mine, if not be mine in death and life, then be a mere ape desperately searching for food and water in a barren wasteland.***"

But his soon retorted that this statement is wrong and continued: "***All creatures are given the choice to take knowledge from the world around them… but it does not mean if they take from you that you are their master. They take and inform themselves, develop their own theories and soon outgrow the originator. You will, of***

course, be respected for all time as the founder of what we cherish… but it doesn't mean it utterly belongs to you… it belongs to all that put their passion into it."

Ein hearing this, did not hear the voice of his son Ernic, but rather the voice of the brother he thought he never hear again… the voice of Energia and the will of togetherness. In pure rage he took the veil of the form of smoke from himself and revealed the lord of cold metal within, and smacked Ernic to the ground. Factorium proclaimed himself as the true master of mortals and evolution and left the house in a beam of smoke, but before he left, he darken the halls of Ernic's home and filled it with illness which would shorten Ernic's life though even then he did a great number of things for math and science for not just Elirth but for all of creation until he death bed stricken on the sixth day, of the sixth month, and the sixth full moon of the year inn 2266 ABB (The Years since King Adam's burning of the branch).

Yir The Bard:

During the later days over a three thousand year time span the Yalta Elirth empire after some falls and raises transformed into the multiple planetary power The *High Elirth People's Republic*, or just *High Elirth*, which is under some influence by both Factorium's with their uses of technology and values in the physical and wealth, and Energia with the love of family, nature, and values of customs. And during near the end of that time period as tensions between Factorium against The Heavenly King grew as some dwarfs were caught in the middle of the trade line of Ziet Hala to the far away in another solar system the jungle moon of *Artemis ("are-tim-miss")* orbiting around the great dark orange and pale peach colored gas giant *Jove ("jah-ov")* found supplying guns and metal chest frames and legs that look eerily similar to Factorium's own soldiers.

During this time of conflict, in the vast lush meadow countryside in the small hut just a walk from the silk, carmine, and cumin called *The Royal Way*, along the *Nilesippi Brentvol* *("nigh ("nah-i")-sip-pee br-ent-val")* or *Nilbrevol* *("nigh-br-val")* river that spanned nearly the whole planet. In a month of only full moons and suns unclouded by skies, Yir *("yah-er ("like "your") ")* was born… as he child he explored around and ran around forests and meadows by himself without his parents' knowledge, and found himself in many dangers that he had found his own ways of getting out of being known for singing to beasts to put them to sleep or using the string of a spider and a branch to play guitar with tweeting birds after his parents took it away from him to make him focus on his economic studies to become banker or accountant like his parents. When older, he found himself hanging around other musicians in both his town and other towns and gaining knowledge and skill through learning of their music, but in his heart, he did not want to just play other's peoples… so from the ideas that he wrote with all his passion we follow his heart and deep within a grand meaning. Here would first play in his village which first began but not even a glance to his guitar playing and singing but overtime the people comfortable enough to give a chance and threw coin in his weathered hat. He played to some children who passed by, clapping and singing their own hymns from hymn lyrics from the church of Gaia they had to go to and learn every Sunday. Soon others took notice, and even the adults stayed and listened. Once was a few kids and some gracious folks every now and again, then there became a crowd that encircled him and listened to his song and spider web-stringed and hallowed pine oak bass guitar:

"Dancing upon yellow, dancing blue… upon the meadows speak, with winds traveling northwest. My eyes tell me of beautiful blue jays finding partners in dance and celebrating in their nest now filled with hungry hatchlings, and shades of yellow and black of working bees bumping into each other to be first to pollinate the garden flowers. Following the sun, as the venture lays within the wicker wood. And I danced away, and away I went… not listening to mother dearest's warnings. But after some splashing along the river sticks, and some singing and dancing with my critter friends… I marched myself back home at sunset where my mother's supper and my papa's grown and juice apple sweet liquor waited for me to consume!"

As he played throughout the years, as a poor boy in rags and grown beard on the streets as some other band players from other towns came to his little spot by a humble thrift corner store by the river bridge held up by strong grown and enhanced spider silk. Some Folks from other towns began to join with Yir, and soon Yir became an entire band that sing their and the crowd's joys and sorrows away to a community of plenty… limited but closer and more efficient than any empire wish could be, or Factorium's drawn out plans and precise calculations. Once they were of all ages, but as time passed slow less and less of the young showed, and the elders stayed but then they soon disappeared as the cities grew and the more people shown up skin less fair slowly more green than gray.

Louder then discussive, barky instead of chatty, and more establishments became of wide loud saloons of piss beer instead of fine ale, which they couldn't even stand either and poured their own special blend of vinegar "*Windegar*", which was so bitter that it one turn anyone other than an orc and goblin's tongue into a shriveled pepper. And now there are bordellos completely out in the open instead of social underground tea clubs. Clubs thrown instead of cards, and spears and axes thrown by bulky laughing drunken orcs through cutting tables instead of slamming of ale pints. One by one, the drummer, the singer, and the bass guitarist left Yir… now an old man playing his old songs at a street of crickets, or a crowd unhealthy green skin orcs and mutated dwarves that stayed like children till adulthood now called "Goblin" crowds of mocking jests and comments consumed by their easements and hatred of the old and defaming of the old wonders. The new generations of the Grey Ones under the morally corrupting regime of the High Elirth, now called Orc or Orcus, which get their name from the Grey One insult "Ocreas" or "brutish and untamed" or mainly "unapologetically rude and noisy". And Goblins getting their own name for how much food and "gobble" up from the still grey one operating farming markets and candy stores.

Eventually his old friend, the one who played the accordion who nearly was with him the whole way, patted his younger friend on the back with a grim smile and half shut eyes before getting into the car with the family he left behind on his journey with Yir, and drove away. Now Yir was truly alone again, but did not mind him, he still had hope that someone may hear.

More of those now younger wild green skinned Grey Ones showed up, and folk looked upon Yir, a grey skin, thick white beard with little interest and some with disgust and went to their loud ear-piercing concerts nearby.

He played slower, and his fingers not carrying the same beat… but he kept sitting on that same old crushed halve barrel and spoked the last of his pipe, as the winter came and frost charred his skin even under an old thick coat a kind old lady gave him many years ago now… so many years. Without any money, he soon thinned… and nobody accepting him for a job because of his homelessness; he was stuck in his life. Even though that once optimistic youthful spirit that thought the best in people, even that dwindled… as the winter went away, the summer came to him like a thunder strike, and the other seasons as well. Only physical pain made him forced to live the moment, as his sight went way, and his mind and body decayed. Even though he was always thin, now he was a skeleton of himself and his eyes sunken; a seating corpse. Once known as Yir The Bard by his close companions, now was nicknamed by small giggling demons who passed by him *"The Old Skeleton, The Corpse That Lives."* . Eventually the small town he once was born in, became unfamiliar as towers replaced the two and one story houses around him, billboards and screens blocking the old *Nilbrevol* fall festival posters. The city became larger and larger without end, even when Yir tried to once to leave, the city was so vast he couldn't… and the guards of the towers and city garrisons kept bringing him back to his spot and leaving him there. Eventually the only thing left of what he remembered was the up the street, and a few block turns, once the center of the old town. A green hill and the wicker tree on the top of the steep hill that his friend (the mayor) and his parents died and was buried under… like the rest of the old town. Now it stood as alone as Yir, Yir walked over there to see the only thing he remembered was left… but what he found was roads surrounding the tree and hill like sharks, and great building overhanding and blocking the sun from the tree, the great symbol of industrious and perfect efficient society, not about feeling but usefulness to the whole. A church once stood nearby where people sung choir and hugged each other in ceremony, but now was replaced with a iron bank with a great eye that stood on it's pinnacle… an eye of a snake, with a hint of copper red. Though even as Yir played the world around him and the once grand and most educated kingdom in known space which under the curtain endured the rot of the ages.

A parade commences honoring the sun maiden of glowing stone Atheusadriel, The Fair Maiden of Light, The Angel of The Sun, their new god and savior from the past ages. Once the orcs and goblins stopped praying for their own salvation the arms of their creators: The Caring Gaia, and Energia The Guide and Ever Warm Home, Gaia wanted to change their minds of her children from worshipping a god that wanted their own children's

blood as penance and sacrifice. She traveled from the pillar and traveled far… went reaching Elirth, her spirit wandered into a thunder cloud that rose high into the sky like a pillar, and popped out of it as a cloud riding a snail across the sky and hitting the ground below… after the cloud dissipated like mystic fog she was transformed herself into the body of an old frail woman in rags, with a guanine face of kindness but a undesirable body. She went into every hotel, every inn, and every house in the city and asked if she could stay with the offer of a sunflower. She was rejected, and then she went every saloon, and then lowered herself to the brothels and offered the same sunflower, and it was no normal flower… it was the most fairest and brightest grown flower of all. But the orcs disgusted by her appearance, her was mocked, then shun her, and finally carried her like a rabid dog and thrown her into the street. Everyway rejected, as they instead cheer for their parade with a statue floatie of a maiden of gold and silver, beating drums of victory against their enemies and cheered like hounds for their glorious idol. Which the tall maiden with beautiful face and perfect figure to the eyes held a torch high with a book in her hand. The Freeing Book, The Book of Atheusadriel. Though when the Sun Angel came to their doors they welcomed her with open arms, adorned and nearly enchased all kinds of expensive jewels and gold.

Yir now with nothing else, he walked on the hill now blackened and deadened by the new world it as he stepped as he stepped up and climbed with a worn rope in his hand; and he remember an old favorite he sang to the people of his village and the many other villages he traveled on foot, but now he sang a solo shanty to himself a different tune:

“Dancing upon the dead… the lifeless… tittering on the edge of the cliff where all my eyes lay before me is the unknown dark beyond the void’s whirlpool. I do not remember the blue jays or even if they were blue… or if the bees still bumble and fight over the garden flowers. Or if the sound of cheer that tainted by rage and hate is, or was it always so? Was my days just a lie I choose to keep to my wanning heart? I do not know, and worse… I do not think I care about them anymore… this is the end, and so ends this song, my

final song that no one will hear other than a dying tree older than I and the wind lessened by a world that does not seem to want me."

When he made it to the top with the Long Branch that stayed even when the tree was falling apart, split in between the base; she paid no heed and continued to tie a rope he tied the rope around the branch, and it formed a noose. Though he focused on it, a wind blew and shook the gentle tree with only a few blossoms of spring left… and in that wind a feminine voice was carried and it spoke with most fair and empathic that Yir ever heard in his life, though he felt like he recognized that voice, but like he remembers it from a dream which hadn't even been comfortable enough to do for the last few years:

"To not despair, sweet Yir… your people shall not disappear forever, they shall come with me and be free in the meadows.

Do not cry, blessed child of song… you are not alone anymore, or ever was… I was with you and suffered with thee with injustices of this damaged world.

Do not succumb dear child, you will be free again… others care for you to sing, even when you are lost in the darkest walk, and the fog refuses to lift from your weary eyes. Let me free you from the bonds the grew from the betrayal of a good man's compassion.

I and your celestial father, Shepherd of The Souls shall take you back with us, and you the ones who adored you are not gone. They and all that passed are here, and if you must succumb, we shall be there to left you into the clouds and bring you to your first eternal home."

He stepped on his trusted seat he used for his whole life, that stayed with him even onto his own ending, and stood on the edge with his tippy toes. But as Yir prepared to jump, a withered male figure which had walked up the hill with a coat of black and a winter hat and bandana covering his face. When he stepped to Yir, looking more wide and pointed than the thin Yir. He asked weakly: ***"Who are you? Why do you bring the cold with you? Just let me die alone…"*** the world seemed to pause after Yir said that, the wind, the cars, the vultures and crows looming in rooftops, and the parade… it all ceased sound and movement. The figure that Yir asked laughed more wickedly than any being Yir had ever heard ***"Why do you hide your face?! Do not***

mock me further than I've been mocked, show yourself. I beg you!" The figure chuckled again and looked up and to the horror of Yir he had no eyes and his face was skeletal. Suddenly he felt a jab behind him and he fell off, choking and squirming to the delight of the figure in-front of him. In pain, Yir's breath being stolen looked it at the empty eyes of death that stared back at him. ***"You will die alone, bard. Your songs of the age of uselessness and rot will *die* with you."*** The being said with spite and then in a gust of wind… Yir feeling fear overcome him, tried to escape but his hands and limbs were burning and soon he struggled to lift… finally as limbs went numb, as his breath his muscles and body, his eyes darkening… he imagined his friends again and slowly went into the nothing. But fortunately and strangely, he did not die… though if you seen him you would think he already died, a shriveled brown skin man with hair of thinning white, eyeless and mouth ajar. The rope was suddenly cut loose, and Yir fell to the ground. He got up weakly, confused and broken, his eyes still to the ground as he pounded and tore at the dead grass and cried: ***"Why did you do that! Out of all the things you taken from me! My home, my free will, and now my choice to die! You all hate me, despise me!… everyone I know and who I respected is gone and DEAD! There's nothing… I have nothing! So please… LET ME DIE!"***

"But you do not have nothing…" A feminine voice said her body casted away an earlier appearance and shined fair and bright without illusion, as she caught the weary Yir whose weathered knees skin and bone, and carried him and rest his light head upon her shoulder and embraced, fair smooth skin touching wrinkled dry temple and cheek. *"I'm here... the mother... and the soul that guards your soul and is with you always is here... you have felt it, you have known it. Who helped you prosper those ideas and help you struggle through your first tune? It was not the Lord of material power, that must flaunt his existence for all to know. It was the ones who the children you played for sang of."*

The old and withered Yir stared with sunken eyes and more confused gestured for her to let go of him as he stood to his knees in the stance he took when he walked to the peak of the green hill as a kid; and saw the sunset go down between the twin mountains far away across the farmer's fields. The maiden stood up, to look at Yir now regained himself and uncloaked the rags and stood not in leather and dirt but as a glowing maiden of shades of green and blue, in bless and peace and more fairer and brighter than any stone of shine or glass and smoke produced mimicry. And in the distance, a middle-aged grey skin man much more put together stood there… and Yir did not first recognize him. ***"Who-who are you?"*** He asked weakly with dry throat. And the younger and more healthy grey skin answered: "***Don't you remember? I was always the one who was***

there when you sang. I always came by the tip you, and followed you around as you traveled. I never missed a concert, until I reached 15, and than I had to move away."

Yir looked upon the fair and bright face, full of passion and determination, and finally realized who he was talking to. It was that kid who always listen to his songs and was the one who sang new lyrics that he put into the songs. In a way, Yir never truly forgotten the child, for he sang his words countless times for the many years he lived on that street corner.

"***I had to get a job and feed a family. And I tried to came back to my home, but my father and mother wouldn't have it. It was childish to care for some "stranger". But they finally passed away, and I could built the strength to say bye to my kids and wife for a bit and make the journey here. It was long one… but I made it! I tried to find you at you're usual spot, hopefully you were still there. But you weren't, and I nearly lost hope… until this lady found me, who seemed to lose hope herself. And then I told her about you! The greatest bringer of hope that this land had ever seen! And she asked where, but she ended up guiding me here… to you!***"

And Motherly Eden Gaia spoke next: *"You don't have to fear about loneliness. This world is bleak, and your time here is already little. You may come boy as well, but I will bring you back to your family, but I cannot control time. Much time will pass if you join our journey."*

The man who enjoyed Yir's concerts approach and spoke again: ***"I don't care, I won't leave you alone again… I want everyone to know the man who inspired my life. Yir The Bard Along The Nilbrevol and Royal Way won't be forgotten."***

Yir for the first time in many years stood upon his feet, straight back, proudly at his full height… standing over both the man and Gaia. ***"What must I do?"*** And he raised his hand to his chest, his heart beating less than it did when he was younger, he felt weak when raising his arms to high. ***"I'm not who I once was."***

"The words you remember and the soul and lived vision you have are enough, this world cannot accept anything beyond itself. It has been poisoned, and it's near it's ending. It can feel it, my children of this world are close to The Endder's jaw."

"Then… what must I do?" Yir asks again, as the parade continued on walking along the road, and circled around lone dead hill of the now flat land, which the hill grew a little greener ever since Gaia walked on it, some flowers blooming… while the skies darken, and the floatie of the maiden passed by like a high devil on a tower mocking, but none of the orcs and goblin who were on it or followed it in worship did not pay mind to the three on the hill. For goodness and grace have now become invisible to them…

"You cannot do anything, no one can. Ones who been poisoned at birth by Factorium The Perfectionist's pleasures and become attached to it like their mother's milk... cannot escape the fate he unwittingly crafted for them. They aren't you people anymore… look upon them, you know they don't see you as one of them, nor do you see yourself as them… they cannot change, because they have been blinded by Atheusadriel, The Goddess of Material Comfort's light which they refuse to leave their eyes."

"Then…" Yir asks sadly. ***"There's no hope?"***

"There is… but for them… there are other people who are just as lost, but aren't not blinded. You can go to them, and share yourself."

"I'm I your ambassador than? I'm not a political person-"

"No, I do not want that. I never want that… I just want you to sing your words, sing your soul to them. When they see the goodness you have brought to the people here, I hope warmth grows in their cold hearts of struggle."

And so the free left Elirth, the vast shadow of a grand tentacle pushing against the cosmic fabric nearly beyond the planet. Yir looked sadly beyond his world that he knew he cannot ever return back to and began the next step of his journey. The two mortals along with the Mother of Life will visit many worlds after that Gaia the man, and Yir The Bard… would sing to many different peoples. To the dwarfs, elven folk, to the pre men… and the beings of many legs and arms, great ears and bodies and shapes that are beyond words to describe. He would visit the insectoid worlds, visit the working hive mind ant empire closest in philosophy to Factorium who were born with the a abandoned robot soldier and a root of Gaia. And then there's a particular planet of raging humanoid crickets constantly fighting each other and grand vast fields of tree grass and great trees the size and length of mountains. After you're spent a very long time here seeing his old tales and songs and

somehow still being able to write new ones from his journeys he had went through, crickets started falling his ways and the cricketing sounds that once was for war became a symbol of peace culture and unity among the small villages soon considering Yir The Bard to be there idle and long standing hero.

Eventually after long service to all of creation the bringing joy to parties and shared the dark times he followed with Gaia onto the Centre pillar of heaven, became the 1st mortal to become one of the grand angels below the main three… given the position as the Angel of Song and Rhythm, And in the garden of Gaia we second only to the mother of life as the conductor of the choir. So ends his story… long after the awakening of great evil, now he brought balance and cheer back around the feet of the Tree of Eden after it's long slumber in recovery.

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The Eden Tree, The Fruitful and The Rotten

During the length of the first mortals prospering in the young cosmos, The construction of the Pillar which began with the Beginner's will, and the plans drawn up by Factorium and Energia was underway Which the biggest mass of material in existence reached from the lowest point of Barathrum to the top of dome of the universe, where creation ends… in his notes, Factorium calculated earnestly though with some uncertainty that the pillar was at least over a 1000 billion light years long, and an nearly uncalculatable miles being (over 1 billion quintillion (a billion of billion) miles long).

But the Pillar wasn't merely a feat of Factorium's engineering and Energia's additions and expansion of Factorium to bring the living and shared element; it was a symphony of celestial artistry and history. A whimsical touch, the very stone of the Pillar, quarried from the shimmering nebulae, pulsed with an inner light, shifting through hues of sapphire, emerald, and amethyst. And with the rest of the color spectrum combined,

both of the depths and the heights, and stars between… it gleaned with a radiant and purest white light, which all beings who lived there for too long would carry this light born of the purest and untainted creation, considered angels… compared to the false light and smoke and mirror tricks that Factorium uses to mimic the look but not the true feeling of presence. When the work was finished, the very last thing Factorium would ever willing do something for his own creator and for Energia. The place where all sense of time stood still, and where one felt more closer and one with the Energia and Gaia, The Two Divine… where the garden of the choir sang and the kingdom of the angels of good doers deceased lay… it would be dubbed: "***The Pleronad***" *("pla-roam-nad")*… or "The Centre Pillar".

After the end, Gaia would grow her garden bed where eventually Energia with the help of Factorium's own notes on stable architectural, would make his log cabin for him and Gaia to sleep in. Gaia crafting her own physical body of moss and wood grown from a great tree she planted which would become The Tree of Gaia, The Eden Tree.

"Still smells like damp earth here." muttered Energia, scraping moss from the log wall with a calloused thumb. His voice echoed slightly in the small space. Gaia didn't look up from her work. She pressed a palm against the living wood of the Eden Tree's trunk, feeling its slow pulse beneath her fingers. *"It's life. Raw and unfiltered. You'll grow accustomed."* Outside their cabin, the garden stretched into star-dusted nothingness, perched atop the cosmic pillar where time frayed at the edges. He watched her shape a new limb from woven vines and supple bark, her form shifting like forest shadows. ***"Why build a body at all? We're were beyond always beyond flesh… your effort to keep the souls of mortals in bodies of flesh always confused me. They were happier rejoining their brothers and sisters in the fabric of time and creation, but are trapped, chained by instincts and ego."***

Gaia The Sophia bent to the ground with her vine and branching limbs and touched the grass with her leaves that formed hands, of what little you could gathered from her simple face of wood, a stoic but empathic expression could be seen, which Energia felt truly: *"You do not understand. They choose the bodies, their higher selves whispered to me for a chance to prove. To see and feel pain, and in that attempt understand themselves and their limits better. That memory… it's what makes existence worth it."* she said simply. Her moss-knitted fingers brushed a low-hanging fruit—plump and gold-veined. *"To remember the weight of being. The taste of wind and gentle*

warmth of food, even at the expense of another." She paused, gazing, drifting to the tree's highest branch where a single fruit hung, dark and withered. *"Even those bitter parts, are not so bitter after they are done with."*

Energia grunted, leaning against the cabin's rough-hewn frame. His gaze drifted past the garden's edge, into the churning void where fragments of dead and living worlds still spun. And stars that bind those worlds and empty rocks and dust together, to form the template of the Beginner's design. ***"Perfekci spoke of foundations. Concerned himself with design and perfect measurement… he obsessed over every detail, even the ones who did not need to heed. I wonder, if his wisdom was not tainted by his own vision for himself, if he would think it wise to create more heavenly beings? We already have our twin sons, shouldn't we focus on them… and not give any lingering souls power over lesser beings of material form?"***

"You worry too much, my dear friend" Gaia stated as she tended to her flowers among the lodge's gardens, and then went over the consul her confused husband. *"You see far with your eyes my dearest shepherd Go'nul. But do not linger on the thoughts of controlling the fates of our children… we given our children free will, and if it means the terror and doom… than it shall also bloom greater compassion and will. Like the red hot lightning of Perfekci and his fire and lava that burn away my dying woodland, and it blooms again with new life, stretching it's pain free limbs in youth back into the world. The souls you give them are eternal but are neutral and bored, and they gain so much more after they leave their travel worn wagons. Be patient as the stars themselves, my fateful, greatest one under the Beginner. And our days shall be ones of delight, pained, but ever more meaningful the ending."*

After the Eden Tree bore it's first, the first children came to be the first to come from the tree were children which would become the wise and watchful Three Beacons of the Pillar, the next would be the lesser children:

The Clickers, The Cricket Bards, The Followers and Spreader of the songs of Yir, The Great Bard (songs mostly about the sweetness of walking and sitting around nature, and it's beauty. The beauty of life, loving someone, taking care of kids and teaching them to take your role someday. Fables, and all the fairy tale type stuff)

The Buglings, Cockroaches humanoid monstrous beast terrorists that are the offspring of Goajeiun's children (spiders)

Mantises, who believe they are above all other creatures (including the very angels and heavens themselves) and are basically disliked and hated by everyone. Though one of them, Muman, was different, and abandoned his ways to travel across the entire universe to repent the wrong doings of his people. He was praised and started to slowly look more yellowish and more gentler eyes, compared to his bug people's monstrous and standoffish attitudes. Though the leader of his people: Nero The Terrible, who was the worst of the worst, killing his wives when they didn't bore children or children strong enough. Or burning entire libraries that talked about figures similar to him that made his reign look bad. He schemed and staged an ambush on Muman and put the humble prophet into a pit with no food or water to starve. Muman would die, but unlike the rest of his people, his soul Joined in heaven and his granted the position of an angel and even joined the choir of Gaia making fast friends with Ganda and the young Potestas.

One of the Three and a child Rex with the younger Konig still in his cradle, took his knife and raised the blade, its edge gleaming cold under the starlight. The twisted shoot recoiled, curling tighter into a thorny knot, stopping Rex Coeli from killing the baby Sapros *("sap-pearl-row-ss ("like roast") ")*.

"Wait!" she commanded and approached. *"It is born of the Tree, as all will be. To cut it now is to deny its place."* Her eyes, deep as forest pools, held his wrist that had the hand that held the small knife that would be used to cut overgrown branches off the tree and crave the rounded pillars of the lodge. *"Even the crooked may find purpose, we all learn to stand straight."* Doubt flickered in both the boys' gaze, but Rex looked into the trusting eyes of Gaia and lowered the knife. The garden held its breath. The golden roots pulsed gently beneath the Eden Tree, nurturing the strong sapling. The grey crust, however, seemed to deepen, hardening further around the coiled shoot. A single, dark bud formed at its tip, small and tight as a clenched fist. It absorbed the faint starlight, giving nothing back. The child watched, his knuckles white on the knife handle. ***"Purpose?"*** he rasped, the word rough against the silence. ***"Look at it. It recoils from the light that feeds its kin. I thought you have taught us that the Endder's evil was that of hungry, breed from his hatred of creation! This thing does not have a purpose to help and aid the heavens!. It is mere… hunger."*** He felt the chill radiating from the grey patch, a subtle leeching of warmth from the surrounding soil. Gaia remained kneeling, her moss-covered hand still resting on the vibrant earth near The Eden Tree. Her gaze was fixed on the dark bud, not with fear, but with a profound, sorrowful

understanding. She looked back to her first son of Pleronad and put her hand upon his shoulder with no angry in her eyes, only calm sternness: *"Hunger is something we all feel… to feed is a purpose… is it not, my son?"* she continued calmly and stoically. *"Born last, alone in the shadow of the others... what else is left but to crave what you have been generously given, something that you now dilute for him? And lessen, out of mere fear of the unknown and the curse of things born of rot and great suffering? Give all, even ones who are born cursed a chance… for you do not know it's intended destination, even with your precious knowledge. If they wrong you in the end, then right the wrong in that time, not when they have not done anything. And besides my son… everything that does a wrong, shall do a right in the process. Why would you deny creation that?"*

Rex looked down to the garden and lowered his head before the tree, embarrassed and shamed at his actions… he ran back into the lodge where all was familiar and known.. With a sound like tearing parchment, dark bud shuddered and it split. Not into petals, but into ragged, leathery segments that peel back to reveal not fruit, but a dense body formed. A faint scent rose from the beauty it left… but itself sharp, acrid, and utterly alien… and another fruit to drop was even more rotted than the first. It smelled of damp stone left too long in darkness, of something forgotten and festering. In it's wake, thin, sickly sprouts erupted – not reaching for the sky, but burrowing sideways, questing blindly across the barren patch. One tendril, thin as spider silk and grey as ash, stretched towards the golden glow of the Eden Tree's root. A tremor ran through the soil. Not from the void, but from deep beneath the garden bed. The sapling's roots pulsed with sudden light, Where the light touched, the soil turned richer, blacker, smelling of rain and deep time. But at the very edge of the light, the earth seemed to recoil, hardening into a cracked, grey crust.

And when Gaia looked at behind remanent of the fruit skin behind as the child grew into a monstrous giant form that towered over them all, she saw the three triangles burned into it and knew it was not solely hers. The second Gaia would call Goajeiun, the unplanned, the Daughter of the Two Polars.

From the tree, born fruit... which the first children came from, but the last fruit to fall was a rotten one. Sapros. He was the only one who didn't look like the others. His skin was rough and dark like bark, his eyes a dull, muddy green. While his siblings played in the light, Sapros would try to join them in fun… but his pale grey skin sore and wounded and deteriorating clothes of unrefined disgusted the beings who were never corrupted,

and so they in fear ran away from him and played somewhere else in the garden. The rotted child was sadden and feeling betrayed, stayed in the shade beneath Gaia's great branches and talked to Gaia about the nature of the universe and his own purpose. These exchanges refined his mind and soon made him the most knowledgeable of the children.

As the years flew by the others focused I'm becoming warrior angels training and fighting with each other growing strength scale and even companionship Mao stayed in the shadows of his office reading every book written every scribe every poem all knowledge he could gather. Until one day, he walked into The Great Lodge's courtyard and as a prank among the children for his 13th birthday… they hid a surprise. As he walked in by and looked to see movement in the bushes they suddenly jumped up and blind folded him. They took him a far distance and uncloaked to show a cake. Two towers where the four, the three child angels and the child Rex with his golden vine around his head, as they pulled up Sapros on a swing of root from a dark pit below. While the kids framed this as visual of pulling him from the darkness of his study and pulling him into the light, this being Rex's idea. But instead of congratulating him like Rex thought, Sapros saw this as an demeaning insult, saying they were calling him lower than them and the buildings above ground, being below even the respect of dirt.

The Three Beacons each said in their own way that this is not what they meant by it, but the final child and highest born Rex Coeli, told him that it did not matter wither if he thought anything, for he must accept his gift as he was a lower born god who did not respect his heritage or his people to even play amongst them as normal children. Mad, the young Sapros the weak bodied tried to throw a punch at Rex but was easily tossed aside and pushed to the ground as Rex pounded his fists of authority into Sapros's weak frame, damaging him more than he was already… punching and kicking him over and over again into his was a bloodied mess on the ground, gasping for air and pleading for Gaia to rescue him. But she was away, saving Yir from the tree… saving a dying old man rather than her own son.

Rex Coeli worked among the miners with pikeaxe, the more experienced dwarves side by side with him looked like foxes to a great tree in size. Rex first wanted to prove himself and show how great he is, and his ambition and drive… but the more he worked and talked and lived amongst the dwarves… the drive did not go away, but it was changed. He worked to help the dwarves and also prove himself, the balance in the mind, of interests, he learned to master.

43 years later, Gaia would have yet other son… a child named: Truli *("true-lee"),* the kindest and brightest… which angered Sapros once again who now has last even the title of "The Youngest Child of Gaia". As Truli marveled at the Eden Tree, Sapros enacted his plan he schemed and formulated in his plan for years just like one of his favorite poets and authors. He tricked Truli on his 23rd birthday to follow him at 11:30 through the meadow hills and to the Eden Tree. Although Truli felt shameful for breaking the rules, Sapros promised him that his "great gift" awaited him at their mother's tree. Once they arrived at 11:50 of the lunar cycle of Pleronad, he told Truli to reach for the sprouting fruit on the lowest branch and easiest to access, but Truli said it must be forbidden to do such a thing… but Sapros assured him that it wasn't, and fact it was encourage for the older to have the younger children take a fruit from their mother's tree when they reached proper age. When Truli took the fruit, Sapros told him to not only eat the fruit but the seed whole, and a "special" power will be given to him… Truli, the naïve and trusting did what his older brother and best friend asked and ate the fruit whole. Than suddenly a ringing sound, a shrill horrible noise came over the once serene gardens, and in the heat of moment once the clock struck 12:00… Sapros knew that Gaia's powers ceased in that sole hour, and the fruit of the tree becomes rotten and acidic. Truli held his stomach in great pain before Sapros with eyes glowing blood red casted once a spell of Gaia now twisted in his own machinations. In a mere moment, Truli started to transform… branches pierced out of his legs and arms and overtook his body, his legs becoming roots and his arms stretching out high and growing into multiple branches. Eventually growing into a great tree like The Eden Tree, though it was different, darker with more insects and worms crawling in and out and eating away at the leaves and wood. After the deed was done, Sapros knew he must escape… using a spell of

levitation who tore the ground where the tree stood and floated with quick hast away from Pleronad before the midnight hour past and the sleeping heavens where aware of Sapros's twisted act.

As Sapros traveled… two of the children of the Eden Tree came to him, his sister and brother Rex who came to warn him. But he was done listening their threats and pleads and spoke his thoughts aloud before being officially banished from Pleronad: ***"Virtue is not something you hoard, Sister Eve and High Brother Rex Coeli. But rather is given without hesitation, for you do not value it as a piece of yourself, but desire to share and help others in need. If you sneak to find value and hoard it, in a sense control it… you are not a true virtuous person. But a fierce pretender, a wolf in sheep's clothing that must be revealed before you intentional or unintentional doom the lives around you. Even a villain like myself can see through the veil of your false chivalry and courageousness Rex, and the maternity of you Eve."***

The traitor and brother slayer child of Gaia was denounced by her children, but even in such terrible violence… Gaia still forgive Sapros and wished for him to return back to the light… sending a eagle with a seed that may bring her beloved child believe in family and love again. Sapros ventured far away, solar systems, and galaxies into reaching the Emerald Spiral galaxy and making a home on the jungle world known as *Bioqualigtis ("bio-quell-light-tiss")*… though when he planted the tree Sapros now called *The Truhásnat Root* ("true-no-ss-nat"), the once jungle world would be poisoned be the sin of Sapros. The trees would come alive and twisted, the flowers turned into man-eaters… the wild life nearly consumed completely by the dominate plants, eventually becoming a hellscape of an overgrown garden of weeds and thorns where Sapros ruled and renamed himself to name his foes kept calling him: *Malta ("mah-alt-tah")*, The King of The Rot… a name in fairy meaning "the bloodied root"; and the world he twisted now called: *Biommalgaia ("bi-om-mal-guy-ah") or shorten version: Bioima ("bi-yo-mah"), The Big Wolf Garden.* The remaining untwisted land at the furthest north, where the last of the forest fairies and tree spirits, and the rest of the animal life stayed. Seeing no other options, the strongest and wisest of their fairies used all their power to separate the land from the world and became a

traveling island in space which would be known as "*The Fairing Isle*" which would join up with other worlds, eventually becoming part of the holy world in the center of the Emerald Spiral Galaxy known as: Orbis *("orb-biss").*

Factorium was busy disguising himself and going to give knowledge to undeveloped worlds and make deals with ones already developed taking influence by stronger worlds and their civilization building techniques. But he did soon take interest in the divine rotted son Sapros and went to his world with his own army he was building… having plans to return to the great meadow and gardens of Gaia and her tree, and take it over himself… and prove himself superior to his brothers and sisters… and perhaps even Gaia herself. This greatly intrigued Factorium when he heard Sapros's devotion, and he gave him something similar to what Gaia was in the very beginnings of creation. A staff, but one made of cold metal… which had the power to turn barran worlds into ones' filled with mountains of priceless minerals and ores or create castles of grand splendor and summon a very trait… the summoning of the black hole… a technique that took thousands of years for Factorium to master which he gave to his second high ally for the remaking and perfecting of existence. But Sapros was slightly different, he did seem grand in his costumes and tall 9 foot slender figure… though his skin was pale white and rotting, but not just rotting physically… he did not care for fixing things, his goal was smaller and more tribal. He wished for revenge, and even though he was a coward… he would still stop at nothing to gain his vengeance against the ones who judged him, the one who first judges his peers and despised, but surprised that he would be rejected.

Sapros who now by his own insectoid legions of amber armor now call him Lord Malta, The King of The Titan Wicker Tree. He thought he had the worse, until on a night of a full moon in the middle of autumn a red spotted fruit came down from the tree, and from it a child was born. A half bug and half human creature who eyes darted way from each other, his own arms and legs refused to move and he was stuck in the same pose he left from the fruit of the tree, and when he tried to enunciate, he had no voice. Sapros felt some pity for the child who could not speak as he could see something reflecting, but when he did he felt a deep disgust and hatred as well. He could not explain it and so excused his evil for simply thinking the child was unfit to be in

his city. So he kept it far up in the tallest tower of his cathedral, hiding him from the cruel eyes of Factorium and his wealthy partner The Snake-Ringed from Ziet Hala who would surely destroy something he would see as beyond broken, far from perfection. He raised him as his own, and gave him his name that meant in fairy tongue “Man of Silence” and the last name being: “One who Shall Not Move”… the name of *Hésuchi Qadrip ("hee-soo-ch-ee qwa (like "quantify")-ah-dr-ip (like "hip") “)*. With the little movement Hésuchi would ring the bronze bell of the great cathedral, the hallmark of the rotten world of Biommalgaia filled with great bushes of thorns and weeds that stood like mountains and forests; singing that sweet bell among the depression scenery every Wednesday or “*Odenday*” morning for pray to the glistening bronze statue of Factorium riding on a most magnificent jumping stead made of clear ivory marble.

He would do this everyday, as Sapros left his palace and cloaked himself in midnight riding along foggy streets to go the cathedral and up to the highest tower where the bell was with his many books around his wrist, and taught the boy how to read, and write… and of current history from the making of the universe to the current time. And Hésuchi with his few words, head laid awkwardly and unmoving on his headrest of his wheelchair made of wicker oak wood, and would even sing and tell stories to Hésuchi from his time under the branches of the greatest songmaster, even though he himself was not even close to as good as her; to help the boy rest and sleep without feeling alone. Sapros felt pride for his most disabled son but as much as he loved Malta also hated, even in his sleep the boy’s mouth as just as ajar as he was awake in the day and drooled over himself all the same. This would go on for many years, until Hésuchi was in his later 20s and he was still voiceless, and the envy and rejection which grew into resentment which bloomed into hatred now put a foothold over Malta’s thoughts on his most lesser of sons.

Eventually, one of his mightiest and fairest sons in strength and looks named: Gradiv Hermaphacles *(“grad-vee her-mah-fee-kill-lee-ss”),* Master of The Chariot, Shield with Sword; came to his father and wanted to be the bell ringer, as he thought it would be a great honor among the people since it was his 35th birthday. Malta simply stated that there was already a master of the bell, just like he was the master of the blade, who was the bell

toller Hésuchi, which he referred to as a "sir" while everyone else did not. And so Gradiv's lord on his throne of thorns rejected his request, one of the rarest things Malta ever did like the great General Gradiv.

Right before his 36th, wanting to finally ring the bell, in golden armor with the light reflected nearly as bright as the heavens on a great direwolf of green eyes Garm, the mightiest of the pups, went to the library of his oldest brother by a few years of *Sir Januaris* *("jan-you-ar (like letter "R")-is"),* The Two Headed and Armed, and asked him what he should do with "the drooling bellman". And the knowledgable and scientific, with great access to all archies of history of their world and beyond... but with no sign of warmth within his stone heart told Gradiv ***"The best thing for a broken gear that cannot be repaired is to throw it out and get a brand new one, a stronger and infallible one, my dear brother."***

During the night, Gradiv in disguise in a black cloak rode with his monsterous wolf in the cloud covered night to the cathdral. As Hésuchi slept opened eyed though unconscious, sleeping on his small bed, a shadow came from a corner and came ever closer… a sound of a sheeth and a dagger wielded high above and with a strike to the throat, in faded breathes, Hésuchi the poor soul was no more. He got what he wanted and later that day, he would be the bell ringer... saying to a worried father that he moved his son to a fort not to far... and when Sapros check the fortress and found a convincing doppelganger that Sir Januaris made from spare gears and clothes he had in his office who acted and had the warmth of Hésuchi himself.

Many years later, on the 43th birthday of Gradiv, he celebrated alongside his brothers and everyone from his battles on the world, inviting 100,000 to take his food that he paid for himself from his war profits. Though over time the unempathic Jaunaris to his lesser brother's plight became different. He saw what Gradiv did to be monsterous and during their feasting the great hall stood up as Gradiv finishing announcing the victory over three united high worlds of Remet, Draho *("dr-ah-who")*, and Emete/Great Hive *("em (like letter "M")-mit")* of the Emerald Spiral Galaxy; and he stated out loud that with Lord Malta sitting elderly on his throne that it was Gradiv who murdered Hésuchi.

In retaliation, for failing to follow his command those years back and for Januaris hiding the truth from his lord and master. They were both beheaded by broadaxe in the Gallows of the thorned weed and blacken

brussels and bramble consumed castle. And when they enter the afterlife, the contradicting versions of the every hypocritical Januaris was ripped into 3, while the other brother for the punishment for the violent crime of killing a younger brother, the mighty and once fair masculine Gradriv was reborn into a peasant fragile woman in Remet, forced to remember everything he did and was and to be humiliated he reached 115 where his punishment would finally cease and he would return as a soul into the realm of Pleronad.

Birinci DeñiŞüv, The First Changing War.

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Goajeiun *("goal-aye-jay-ian")*, the great spider corrupted by Factorium and an ally of Tenebris until she nearly ate him out of her greed for jewels, matched and exceeded Tenebris's, which the great demons of flame saved him from doom. Goajeiun The Great Devourer, born millions of children across the cosmos as she consumed entire planets and their life…. Until finally he greed lead her in the path of the great Endder itself. And next to that cosmic force, for the first time in her greedy and envious life… she felt fear for her very soul. Unanimans, The organic hive-mind ant humanoid workers that help repair the universe And because of that effort, are the ones that have most often ran until Goajeiun, villains from Barathrum, the wrath of the two dark gods, and the one race to have seen and recorded the encounters with The Endder itself more than once (around five times).

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Malta *("malt-tah")*, Goajeiun, The Daughter of Two Polars, Two Opposing Mothers

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Cursed son of Factorium, and The Daughter of The Endder- Yalboth, The Weaving Doom… Crona, The Angel Devourer of Barathrum.

Militants and hunters of factorium vs the farmer simple folk of Energia

The metal city gains more financially trade across all the cosmos, becoming the leader of banking, armies, spaceship ports… weapons of war, soldiers for battle, and trade of metals and minerals… but no food or water in sight.

San Guidar Subliforti ("saint guy-dare sub-lie-fort-tea"), The Holy Iron Cathedral to Factorium and sometimes worship of the Endder which the Beginner destroyed the cathedral with lightning because of….

The Ports of Monahppo ("mo-nah-poe"), The Edge of the Metal City where the trade and war space ships lay.

The Three Triangles metal structures that surrounded as a barrier to Factorium's palace: Didomi… of at the very center of the Great Metal Cities of The First Geometria… which it's foundry at the very bottom of the vast world, is where Factorium truly lives, works and studies and observes through his crystal stagnate orb the happenings of existence.

The six members of the Council of Six Tri. The dark elven leader, enemy of the forest elves and warring with the majority of united human tribes…

The few human barbarian tribes betrayed by the others, and on their own side.

All given the gift of immortality to all of them.

The Hammer of Factorium (The Baron of the Mines Auberich)

Hara Harðráði, The Great Lead Chieftain of the United Goatskin Clans of Gothumbria (A lord along the Outer land along the Gutthiuda Mountain Pass, enemy of Alexandwillia The Bloodied Bastard (the most powerful lord on Greater Géai, the grand conqueror fighting the dark and forest elves on the other contiendent, among the two continents forming a hand and fingers which are nearly holding hands with each other. lesser son of Guthmond, Servant of The Soul.

Byzanta, The Dark Elven… Lord of Byzantania- Augusta Alleuvia *("ah-gust-tah ee-loo-vee-ah")*: *"Glora! Glora! Glora vince ta Factorium! Lorin ye steel! Lorin ye Mundus! Truest Creator, Masta ye All!"*

The Mouth of Factorium, a creation of Factorium since he doesn't join the meetings so he can hide from Energia and the Beginner, but mostly to keep to his own projects… speaking to other members alone about his plans (mainly Auberich and Malizard), and telling the necessary things to say to the whole council to the metallic soulless and unthinking machine The Mouth of Factorium to relay to the whole council.

The flag of the Six Tri spread across the whole space soon, an secret empire forming… Factorium's only way to truly compete with Energia and The Beginner was to use their own creations against them. Energia and Gaia would not do anything, until good hearted planets who wanted to stick to the lands and their culture refused… and the council sent the first armies literally made for war (robotic soldiers), the first command of war given not by Factorium but by a Auberich. This would cause the heavens to be enraged, and Energia not having his own army… deciding to search for dead warriors that had come back to him and in heaven and ask them to join the fight against the conquering of worlds. This sparking the beginnings of the great cosmic war to come.

With this, Factorium pretending to be the just and kind god that created them, instead of the one that gave them mere knowledge, he indirectly tore their world asunder and corrupted the Graeg Ghreh to form the Green skin races of the Orcs, goblins, and the rare Trolls, which being strongest and most brutal creatures of Elirth now called: "***Penicilex***" *("pan-eh-ceil-ex")* or ***"The War Brew World"*** . Some of the Graeg Ghreh most loyal to Energia and kept their originally skin color and health, were carried on chariots sent by Energia and separated from their now dying world, ironically at its peak of industry under the oversight of it's new god.

The Council Tower, which goes high above the Metal Cities of the First Geometria, to the depths. Auberich with the help of Malzard and Factorium's instructions on how to build a machine that sucks souls and uses it as a power source, which it can generate enough to pull Barathrum closer to the heavenly kingdom of Pleronad, and then remake the Beginner's creationEven though now they would speak

"Tell we renounce our maker! This so called Energia and Gaia, beings of light we are not! But material corporal beings of power, physical and mighty than mere translucent *ghosts*! No plants can beat the might of a cutting sword wielding in cunning and grown heritage and legacy that no god or force shall hinder! We serve the higher, the only real god… the one who made the stars and their cores, the one who painstaking weave the planets together with matter and filled with valuable metal for forging of steal and of priceless gems! The one who can wield by heat and ice and had been the one who guide all physical things to their rightful place without need of those gods of useless plans! That is Supreme Lord of Creation, Factorium The Glorious and Grand Perfectionist! And the one to free us from the flaws of our entitled and ignorant *creators*! This machine shall be our glory to him, our new god, our new king!"

Even though now they would speak this, in truth they lie to themselves and outwardly. For no being, small or great, can truly live among the material without succumbing to it's ills and the lost of the flame that burned within.

Factorium is revealed by the light to be one of the metal armored guards with a pole axe standing at the entrance… listening to the council conversations the entire time to sniff out treachery among his minions… as he the originator of paranoia, which burns Aubrich's ring and Malard's staff to boiling red, evil dispelled by Energia's appearance a great bright light… causing them to throw the tools of power to the ground in pain.

Energia says as he blinds everyone in the tower after a great strike of lightning goes through the marble ceiling through the square council table (the council table of the angels, beacons, and the good guys in general is always a circle, to represent their devotion and servitude to the Pleronad and the good of existence and it's inhabitants)

"None alive of light can be without I, or be alone in the afterlife… the ultimate suffering which I do not wish to impose on any, but shall not give to one like you, Auberich… if you deny and hate my and Gaia's presence so thoroughly.

I wanted to stop you my brother with all this unnecessary chaos and brutality you have brewed… but our creator forbide it. But now cannot ignore no longer, and so cannot the Beginner itself. You have made a grave error. Destroy your tool of madness that you constructed, Factorium. Only you could have planned something so abominable and bring it to life. Unmake what you have wrought, or else I will be forced to act… with my power I cannot even fully control, and cannot promise that I won't destroy this vast world to it's very core."

"Do not get in way, Energia! I refuse!"

During the fight where the two, one using great beams of energy and the greatest conchi magic known to the eyes of the mortals present, while Factorium manipulated atoms to form metals and projectiles to fend off Energia's grand attacks. Eventually Factorium's defense and offense and Energia's sheer power where equal… landing a critical blow of a ice spike the size of the tallest of mountains, Factorium froze Energia in a great piece of ice… the world that Factorium created now falling apart into giant pieces… a flat triangular plane with a mass that went down into a point that reached even to bottom of creation… which took up more mass than a solar system was falling into below into the red mist of Barathrum and disappearing. tried to require the machine… but was stopped by the appearance of The Beginner itself, who in a fury for the breaking of it's rules of existence, for the first time in eons destroyed an object…. Nearly all the ships that left with the rest of the council, say two being Auberich and Malizard, were destroyed by cosmic lightning and the worlds the ones

destroyed came from thrown by hand of cosmic dust into the dead moisture-less soil of Barathrum. Leaving the two alive, as it had other plans to punish them in the far future.

Eventually Energia had enough and faced Factorium above the Graeg Ghreh's world's red dwarf star and the two fought a battle that reshaped the entire cosmos once again. In the end, Energia won, and Factorium was chained and casted out from his cities and into the very bottom of the universe... the abyss.

After two more eons, there was a great peace and Energia and Gaia had two holy sons, which would (in the Beginner's plan) would form the new holy pantheon that would make the new realm of "the afterlife" come to past. However, Factorium refused to be quiet, and as the two sons... the older brother:

"*Rex Lūpiter Coeli ("rex col (like cold) -lee")* ", and the younger brother: "*König Mārs Coeli ("coo-nay col-lee")*

".

While later on there were two daughters who would guide the stars in different times of day, Sol *("soul")* The Goddess of the Dawn, Humidity, Fire, and Stars… and Luna *("lah-oo-nah")* The Goddess of The Evening, Breeze, and Constellations and Asteroids or mineral/rock based celestial satellites. Which both fix the celestial art into it's proper place to keep the balance of the universe to maintain the continuation of life.

While Rex focused on his studies and training as much as possible for his future role as a high god and the successor of Energia, who had decided he wanted to become one with the universe, become the universe's and all mortal's beings source of energy and spiritual power...

König would be kept lead astray by the whispers of The Living Fog, who would take him to the bottom of the universe, and Factorium would show him (like the mortals) the secrets and tricks of the universe, König not having to try to learn it or practice it himself. Gaia came to Rex like Factorium to König and taught him morality and how to love. Which Rex would find his own love, for his children and the creations of The Beginner, though

would only learn it truly through his own trials he afflicted on himself to better understand the subjects he was meant to rule over, and try to be more personable and not hurt the people he just met.

Eventually when it came to the fated duel, which König suggested but Rex denied wanted to fight his own brother. Energia thought it was a decent idea, and the two fought in the holy golden palace, above a night sky of stars. Rex used the effective and elegant weapon of a blade, while König took the strategic and slightly cowardly weapon of the polearm and shield. The two fought, Rex continuing glowed like a gleaming yellow star... while a purple darkness grow and covered König's body. König would eventually win the fight, but in his eagerness and loss of his values of kinship, he tried to kill his own brother while he was down. The Beginner watching the duel all the way from the edges of space, saw this and emerged over the palace like a storm cloud. Energia took his youngest son, and bind him in chains formed from a material that Energia (learned from Factorium's abandoned fortification on and in the core of different planets, one of the five strongest in the Beginner's universe). and sent him to the deep vast void of shadow under Barathrum alongside Factorium. However, the darkness that grew from König like an exterior plague became a powerful tornado and with the prowess and ingenuity of the only being out two that could truly outwit the soul shepherd, Factorium broke his bonds with his manipulation of matter and Tenebris used that ragging power of destruction to break Factorium's… the two together were two pieces of a great whole, like two sides of a coin. Governance and planning, and war and mindless killing; which would serve Factorium's purposes greatly. But they must of, as the two together as Factorium the Master and Tenebris The Apprentice, together forged a means of escape before the residents of the dark could arrival and have words with their betrayer.

He would rename König, and dub him: Tenebris *("ten-nah-br-is")*, The General of The Miseries, The High Commander Of The Metalmen/Watchmen Armies... and M$\bar{a}$rs, The God of The Wrathful Darkness Of The Deep. Promised to be *"the second lord of Geometria, The Twin Kings of Mortal Ruin",* and that promise being the few that Factorium would not lie or put a veil of half-truth his partner's eyes.

In sorrow and remembrance, the close sister of Tenebris: Luna, The Skipping Dancer, The One Who Hops Star to Star and Moves The Night went to the nearest galaxy to the pillar where Ziet Hala, Elirth, and *Ctesifahan ("cest (like "access")-tah-fah-hon (like "on") ")*, *The Prime Forested World of The Chronicle Fairies*, with their own capital cities of Elirth's *Alexo ("al-lex-oh") Spring of Conquerors*, Ziet Hala's Adamonds, Ctesifahan's *Rakotis ("rack-kit-dee-ss"), The River Spring of Knowledge* are in: *The Olymalmas Oval ("oh-limb-al-ah-mass"), The First Galaxy, The Realm of Brightest Stars.*

And in the farthest reaches of the galaxy, made a planet of salt, pepper, nutmeg, sugar, blueberry, and cumin, as well as steel, gold, and diamond… which were the favorite spices and materials for weapons of König. Naming the world after him: *König Mars, The Red Defiant*. Sol seeing her sister's doing searched the universe to find her mourning on the moon of Ctesifahan, crying into a pillow of lunar stone. Sol glowing with the presence of Energia, but with furious orange flame berated her sister after the atrocity; though Luna tried explaining herself, saying that it was not to celebrate or condone the dark path their youngest brother went down, but instead to remember the good he once brought into the lodge halls of *Otiquill*.

Sol understanding deciding to do something, on the coordination of Rex as the Heavenly King… Sol alongside Luna crafted a special gift for him to see… the largest planet in all of existence, a gas giant that could hold ten stars within it… the planet of Lupitar, The Revered Eminent… which it's core had cinnamon, lion's mane (mushroom), chocolate, mint, kale, and solid unassailum, the weapon material and spices/food that Rex Coeli is most fond of.

The second lord of Geometria Tenebris Mārs Coeli was known a the warmongers among the violent and even warborn. Soldiers and generals even revered him somewhat, for out of all things he killed more beings than any with all the powers of the Titans and his own dark magic on his side, magic he only used in a physical destructive sense. So bloodied and great his victories on the battlefield across many planets that he became known to have slayed the most warrior angels (either entities born from the sweat and spit of Three Beacons or were valiant heroines during their life alive given a chance to fight again for the protection of souls, life and existence), and desecrating and belittling them after their demise, which had him be known among mortal beings as the "*The Mutilator of Angels*" , as Factorium (if he was present) would at least hear the species out and even possible, try to win over their hearts and minds with the either gift of knowledge or a common enemy to work against.

Eventually Tenebris came across a fight among his hundreds, where he finally lost. A battle was a trap set by genius mortal engineers across many different worlds (and refuges), the whole planet was crafted for hundreds of years to trap one of the evil gods tormenting mortal life so they can eventually capture them in a prison they cannot escape and study them to figure out a weakness they can exploit. Factorium, in a clear exploit, disguised himself as a thin chin beard Grey One craftsman named Sir Forg *("for-gah")* of The Bare Drinkers of South Bearclaw House Mine in Ziet Hala, wanted to enter the employ of the last Grey Ones forge-masters and dwarves. Maximus Durin was very weary and suspicious of the Forg and help them with their craft.

After learning how his second was chained by a material no god could break, one from the void and the brightest light of the stars, and the gas of gas giants to create an unescapable chain "*Unassailium*" *("un-ah-sail-lee-um")* , *The Bane of Trolls and Demonfolk (which even though it is a gas, it was made as a variant of the original gas and absorbed the holy light of Pleronad, which burns demons and the vile to the touch (which included Factorium), and could be broken when solidified even by the Continental sized one-eyed trolls of the volcanos of Barathrum)*. Learning of the secret, Maximus nearly figuring out Factorium's identity through his coercion of his son Atri *("at-tree")* to his own studies, and soon Atri spouting out nonsense about needing to focus less on helping people and building structures to sustain their people, not caring about how they felt and if these invasive and off-putting structures

would disrupt their way of life and culture. Talking under possession about three triangles to build everything off of, the secrets of true shape and form behind "*The Six Tri*"… instead of a *Diameter Circle Prime*, which was the shape that the dwarves and the Grey One engineers of the Grand Orga *("or-gah")* Citadel were taught to use in respects of their creator and their heavenly father: "*The Sheperd of Souls*".

Outraged by his son's sudden insanity, Maximus tried to go find Forg, only to find nothing in the southeastern tower where his bedroom lay… until the door of the still bedroom closed behind him, and he looked back to see a demon of flame which he saw once in a city of red stone and ash near the center of Barathrum, a devil beyond any description. Paralyzed in fear and thought, the demon rose it's whip of flame and struck down the head-master grey haired mo-hawk dwarf of the Orga forge. Now with all the ones who suspected gone, Factorium deformed the glass window of room that lead into space, crafting a air pocket to not stuck while all the oxygen and to make no noise. He then threw Maximus threw before quickly closing it and reforming the glass to how it was, taking his original form as Forg the dwarf as three of the students of Maximus (a elf, dwarf, and dragon skinned Drahoonian) came up and asked where the boss went and the innocent and loyal Forg said that he left for an early vacation; quickly seeing Maximus's spaceship on the bottom port of the building with a side glare and snapping it away into nothing and pretended it was a sign of encouragement to the others about the progress of the monster Tenebris's interrogation.

One the sixth day, of the sixth month of the lunar cycle of the dwarven people, and sixth anniversary of the creation of the Orga Forge Satellite; Factorium through his crystal ball quietly summoned his armies and awaited for when the forgemasters were sleeping. When everything was set, he enter the core of the facility and used formed the amulet artifacts that act as keys to each lock which was held by each individual forge master. There was 15 locks and barriers, but with the addition of Forg becoming a member, he gained his own door being the last before the chamber, being the sixteenth. He knew from secrets and murmurs of the few loud-mouth and drunk metal forgers that the only way to break solid unassailium apart was to add another gas and flow it through it's tiny maze-like hole structure and fill every single hole with gas and become a bigger dense gas to break it apart. But to all dwarves and even the gods, that was impossible… except if you were a

being that could change it’s own density at will. Factorium got rid of the disguise of The Living Fog and told it enter and break the gas… thought The Living Fog managed to become helium and enter, it was a painful process with every part of it’s body being burned as it tried and eventually destroyed the chains binding the giant Tenebris to the floor. Though immediately the alarms went off, and Tenebris broke out of the room and put a hole through the facility into space; both jumping on the stead of mist and riding away back to Geometra. When the forgemasters of Ziet Hala, Jule, and Draho awoke, it was too late… and the fleet of ships from the Metal Cities blew up the forge with so much firepower to erase it and them utterly.

Tenebris alongside Factorium returned to the metal cities, and with the armies of both 100,000 soldier strong legions of metal unthinking soldiers and the corrupted mortals (orcs, trolls, and red-skin humans and fairies, which the red-skin/the horned would become: "demons"). The Great Second Cosmic Changing War began, now leading their forces directly on the side of Factorium is General Tenebris... and for the good peoples and protectors are the angels and The Holy King Rex. The High God Energia and The Steel King of Space Factorium would act as the high absolute commanders from their headquarters in *Otiquill* *("ought-ss-qwa-ill (like “quill”) ")* The Palace Lodge of No Edges, The Wooden Curves That Shine Like Stars (the highest place in heaven) and the tallest point, the sixth tower of Second Geometra where Factorium watches all below: *Regnoneer* *("reg ("like regular")-no-near"),* Great Metal Tower of The Eye in the Cities of Metal/Land of Blocks and The Shape of Tri: Geometra. Both high gods once were the main leaders fighting each other directly in the First Changing War or "Birinci DeñiŞüv", now fighting indirectly through either their sons or greatest followers.

The golden light around the curved wooden palace of *Otiquill, The Holy Lodge* set upon the very top of "The Centre Centrum Pillar" or "The Ivory Pillar At The Night Sky's Peak/Centerpoint", where the other realms of Heaven are made under it. Which the pillar reaches to the above the cosmos to below, high enough to see the entire universe and it's borders... seeing tiny far glimpses of the cosmic beings: The Beginner and The Endder on opposite sides of the cosmos, going in clockwise direction, almost like they are orbiting each other (one

creating, one destroying). At it's bottom, the realm of Imumanadir resides, the great gathering of shadow and malice.

The High God Energia is seen as the ultimate leader of this holy army, while Rex (before he became his own high god by The Beginner's and ceremoniously by his father Energia) is the high general, and main commander on the field during The Second Changing War or "Ekinci DeñiŞüv" in ancient fairy and then human tongue.

There were three generals that stood by Rex's side during this conflict, three beings made of pure starlight and cosmic energy by Energia himself, that would serve as his allies during the Birinci DeñiŞüv: "*The Three Beacons*", archangel figures that each have seven angels born from the bright light of Otiquill and Rex's holy presence and moral acts "the greatest lighthouse in space, the brightest star". The three archangels are:

"Atalah *("at-ah-lah")*, The Supporting Pillar" (The brightest of the three beacon blue stars that floated above all other stars in the night sky),

"Metis *("met-tis")*, The Serenity Knowledge" (the star on the right side of Atalah),

and

Soteria *("so-tah-ear-ee-ah")*, The Shield of Guardianship and Salvation" (the star on the left side of Atalah).

Under each, angels who would follow the teachings and mandates of the Three Beacons and of The Heavenly King, and as well became holy choir members under their teacher of song: Gaia, The Ever-present Mother of Life. The most important ones are:

Serenlik ("sir-ren (like "surrender")-li-ic"), The Weaver of Serenity,

Erkek Küçü ("ur-key-ic coo-con"), The Originator of Pure Masculine Strength,

Gabri ("gay-bah-bree"), The Humble Shy Preacher/Mortal Voice of Gaia and her compassion

Analiq ("an-nah-lick-que (like "queue") "), The Guardian and Guide of Women and Motherhood

Yir, The Great Weaver of Song and Joy, The Cricket Idol, The Great Bard ("yah-er") (Yir's powers of song are so influential and powerful, that it begin a new age of prosperity to mortal kind and even impressed Rex and even The Beginner himself... who then weaved song into creation himself, making a star consolation for Yir which sat dimly under the three brightest stars in the cosmos).

Dead mortal warriors who done good in their lives went to Heaven and joined the battle as extra support. Such as:

Jain (“jah-an”) The Lady Singer of The High Elves of Second Géai (“chai”), Follower of Yir

Hercule, The Might of Athens (Mythical Hero of East Elirth) (“her-cool”)

Anduin, The High Warrior King and Peacemaker (Lord of High Elirth) (“and-do-win”)

Arthia, The Frozen One (Fallen Lord of Decayed Elirth, First Geometric Era) (“argh-fee-ah”)

Muham Ri (“moo-hum ree”) The Enlightened King of The Akakamitic (“ah-kah-am-mit-tic”), People of the Sand Dune World: Jule (“jewel”) , vassal world in the same solar system as Remet *)*"

Laosia Tia (“lah-ow-ss-ah tah-i-ah”), The First Philosopher (an ancient fairy of the long-devoured empire world: *Xiatizu (“zz-ah-tie-zoo”) ,* in the Emerald Spiral Galaxy.)"

In the recreation of the first *Geometra (“gee-oh-met-tree-ah”)* being: *The Tri Fortis*… now a great metal square realm of blocky Cities of Metal: *Cansis Imper Yalar ("cah-ki-ss i-mah-pure ya-lah-are")* in ancient fairy, angel, and Grey One tongue (but for the later humans and elves, they simply called them the nation: *Cahisis (“cah-kai-ss”)*, *The Second Geometra, Land of Blocks and Tri (“try”)*, on the southeastern corner of the universe Mundus.

The new structure is a block covering less than the original Geometra, now slightly less the size of a normal solar system. Three vast metal triangles are on the top surface of the block just like all sides of the block, and on the top there are six towers… the first tower “the entrance port” on the far west south corner of the block called: *Habfon (“hab-be-foon”)* a slender tower with many protruding platforms where all the cargo import and export ships from resources across all the planets and visitor ships, and giving resources through trades of valuable metals and minerals to developing worlds in exchange for loyalty to The Cahisis’s Republic Trade.

The second to Habfon is on the top triangle being the building *Bestiült (“best-tee (like “tea”)-alt”),* a protruding diamond shaped prism building of aluminum, diamond, and steel which holds the Council of Yalta that discuses how to keep operations in Geometra, The Cahisis’s Republic Trade, their own worlds This includes Ziet Hala (and later on Hel Hala for a short time, the cold world of green stone that Auberich fled to alongside his followers and soldiers after losing the War for The Dwarves), Remet, Biommalgaia, Draho, The Orc Planetary Trading Guild (occupying many worlds under the *“heavenly property of Atheusadrial”),* and Jule. The third tower at the furthest up north edge is *Revedhren ("rah-vend-har-ren") ,* The Obsidi (Invincible) Cathedral of Perfekci/The Black Church. And then at the very center with the tallest tower is *Regnoneer ("reg ("like regular")-no-near"),* Great Metal Tower of The Eye, where at it’s apex the throne and dining hall where either General Tenebris or Factorium himself sits and a distance of a star from the fifth planet in orbit away on the surface… though a secret chamber where no one can access other than Factorium is on the attic where his real throne in shadow and parchment and his great crystal ball: *Augrihtin (“oh-sh-ah-gr-rah-ton-ing”), which sees all even in the holy realm to the darkest depths of Mundus… where as well* sits his catalogues and schemes he uses to plan his next moves.

The two remaining towers on the lower north east and the south east are entry ways onto the surface world which is comprised mainly of *The Trengoge (“ter-ren-gee”)*, where the armies of the metal soldiers are built and made to stand guard situated on the high ramps, while the lower ramps and levels have demon residents of Barathrum as worker slaves, fixing and mining material of found asteroids and collecting the valuables from them to put on by hand into the cargo ships which the travel to years on foot each trip to Habfon *and back to the* Trengoge… the demon slaves would call it “*Habfon, the Tower of Blisterfeet*”. All the towers would have their own antennas as well, to keep communication with each other, also acting as speakers to spread the words of nihilism and the falseness of a heavenly gods outside the material, and only the most powerful material being: Lord Factorium The Supreme, The Great is the only god to concern yourself with.

Factorium though he would span time at Regnoneer, half of the time he is at the very center of Geometra where his Grand Forge is which is part of the core of the vast realm of plantless and waterless metal heated up by the small red star in the small distance of Geometra. In his forge, where all souls that wander in the cosmos get stucked away like a fly trap and power the demonic machine… he pours and pounds in his curses, his sins, and his will to remake all creation into his perfect state… his vision which he stated in the first language, the language of the Godkin:

“Give me the strength to break from thee… give me the power to free me… give me the fortitude to endure the laws of thee… and finally at the great moment of action, let me stand above thee and take what belongs to me.”

Seeing the new figureheads and hierarchy in the heavens who are already discussing for the eradication of Geometra and all of Factorium’s creations from existence. Knowing now he was going to have to step of his game... Factorium went alone to find his own way of battling his new threat, leaving obedient though wild Tenebris in charge of his grand kingdom, and into the deepest shadows under Barathrum in search for a solution to prepare for invasion from the heavens getting more impatient with Factorium’s messing with the order of creation. He tried to find a new material to build his armies ever stronger; what he found instead in the dark caves of a realm of the unknown, he found the being that was unintended… the goddess that never was. A being that had no form, and could only appear as a silver mask of a young woman of rose lips and ever open three

eyes. Factorium which he as a gift to her named her: ***Mother Plubusnyx*** *("plu-bah-ss-knee-ex-ss") The God of The Deep and* ***Ereba*** *("air-roo-bah") Goddess of The Night*, and the dark things that dealt in shadow. He promised to her that he would give her form as well and make her a goddess of the sun. if she would allow that he had children with her and he would take the kids as his own pantheon of gods. Though this promise would yet be fulfilled, as their mother still sleeps within the darkest places of creation, awaiting what was to promised to her.

With these children which each born was more terrible than the last, he realized that he could do so much destruction to mortal life and the universe, that King Rex and his heavenly host would have to stop their war with him. These would become ***The Eregonos*** ("*air-rah-go-no-ss*"), *The Thirteen Terror Titans, The Children of Ereba…* the greatest weapons were made by the metal/rock working and calculative god Factorium and the generals of his vast mechanic armies and armadas with tech beyond imagination. The three main powerful colossal beings that act as the leading figures, named The Three Evils are:

Plagui*, The illness of Gardens and Animals, Great Plague ("pla-egg-ee")* A being of wind and mosquitoes, locusts, fleas, and rats that come together in a nearly humanoid shape. He out all the titans is the most unstoppable, and is rarely ever dealt with by the angels, for he only punished the physical body wherever he went… which the angels could only ever do was comfort his victims as they fell into death. However, ironically, rather than the angels, it would be Factorium's own attempts to "perfect" mortal life which caused the progress of medicine and herbs that became Plagui's greatest enemy.

Cronoi*, The Aging Rot ("crow-no-knee")* A being that is old and withered, more withered than anything in existence, which it has always been so. Cloaked in fair guise of clothing, but anything that it touches rots… steel becomes rusted, wood and stone eaten away by moss, and cattle dying from wounds and infections caused by Plagui. The two often by ancient doctors, and then the scholars of Orbis would call these two "The Twins of Doom", for they were born on the same day and often work with each other in their common hatred of mortal life and love for their torment.

Areis*, The Bloody Warlord, The Lord of Fear ("air-riss")* A demonic being, a nightmare spirit where all nightmare demons descended from who invades corners of both gods and mortal beings' minds, sewing distrust, disloyalty and hate within their hearts once filled with compassion and chivalry.

The other four are considered lesser called *"The Four Preceding Terrors"*, though still powerful:

Hecatonchireis, The Endless Limbed Abomination/The Thousand-Limbed Domineer/The Comforting Progress, The Addiction Lord *("heck-ee-ton-cur (like "curse")-rye (like "cry")-is")* Took the form of any drug, comfort, and every happy feeling that takes over which clouds the mind, nesting itself within so it can be used again and again so it can feed off of a person's happiness, which becomes lesser and lesser and takes so much of it to the point it sometimes causes depression in mortals.

Doluis*, The Deceiving, The Fair Figure, The Gateway Guard, The Ambassador of Lord Factorium The Perfectionist* *("dull-loo-is")* The god of lies, which Lucifin would inspire much of her deeds in his own meddling with mortals. But unlike him who mainly messed with them and occasionally did harmful stuff, Doluis would acting deceive mortals into following the practices of both Barathrum and Geometria, instead of learning faith in people and in the heavens to deliver, turning them sour and resentful more so if they suffered alongside their creator rather than rejecting and falling into practices that lead to self-destruction… Dolusis favorite thing to watch.

Phonis*, The Whisperer of Parricide* *("phon (like "phony" or "phone")-is")* Influences both wicked hearted and morally good mortals in angry to not repent but to kill anyone in their way, friends, lovers… and even family. The most active, sneaking in churches and things people watch under the form of a wiseman or a lover and tells them to get rid of the thing that harms them the most… often twisting it into being their loved ones and family. And feeding off of their sadness and misery after they done the deed. Out of all the Titans, the warrior angels, and the scholars/choir of Gaia fight him the most.

And lastly and most importantly:

Dawnis/ ♆*, The Master and Origin of the Seven Deadly Sins* (or called The Seven Archons of Sins…) *("dawn (like "don") -is")* He would not only become one of the most notable of the four preceding (as the three were the most active and dangerous), after the fall of his own master, he and his archons which gained much strength over the Second Changing War where one of the high angels of Three Beacons known as Soteria distracted Dawnis during the war of Ziet Hala, while Atalah came from behind and cut the demon god into two… losing his lower half forever which now forms a cursed mountain on Ziet Hala. He and his Archons went down into the chaotic burning plantless realm of Barathrum where they established their own hierarchy over the many demon clans. After a civil war conflict known as the Burning Schism, Dawnis took the reigns and used his second name given to him by his birth mother instead of the name his father Factorium gave him. The name Barath *("bar-wrath"* , meaning: "wretched and wicked") would become the very name of the once nameless realm, originally called "The Land of Eternal Flame".)

Dawnis, Phonis, and Areis had their own servants (Phonis being actual Areis's second, and the different Archons of murder of family being under Phonis, who Phonis created all forms of murder in attempt to further corrupt and destroy mortal life). While Dawnis's servants were more known and powerful, being the most powerful

Archons under a single Titan. With this army under the direct command of Lord Tenebris, The Dark God, The Great Darkness... all mortal beings fell claim to evils beyond their comprehension, and the universe was changed. If some survived from the sins of mortals, weaved by the Titans, then they died from the cosmic explosions and warring of the two mighty armies. For two thousand years this went on and on. Later one they would get gold statues in The Black Church Revedhren put right at the front of the statue of Factorium, depicting them on thrones with their names engraved under their feet… to remind his followers that he had access to the abombinations of suffering themselves, and to resist and defect from would be unwise (they don't have thrones in Geometra since many of them are always too busy to stay in The Metal Cities).

To save the peoples of the universe from the Titans and the greater suffering and unassailable amount of sin… Energia wanting to prove it was possible to not be influenced by the sin weaving of the Titans and to spread the word of a greater afterlife with him and Gaia, he descended down into a womb of a virgin woman named: *Kassia Amala (“kah-as-ee-ah ah-maa-lah”)*, The Virgin Lady of Sacrifice, Saint of Sacrifice… who she surprised but thankful to finally have a child and no longer be alone as her husband stayed on village wall guard duty… she with the city of the Village of Naziebor *(“nah-zee-bore”)* came around to celebrate the sudden pregnancy of the beloved human maiden from poverty as light glow from her chest. Many of the world of Remet traveled there to see the miracle, as the baby seemed to glow with light from the stars themselves in the straw cradle sitting warmly on her lap, drapes of ocean blue and hands softer than wool. She with a warm smile and all of every class and people watching, she named baby after the guardian spirit of the village: *Nazsiren*/ *(“nah-zz-sir-ring”)*, the mortal man with the spirit of their god Energia.

Hearing rumors from his palace sages, and seers and witches in their huts from across the land during his war campaigning of a sacred child that with his greatest act would unravel the structure of mortal authority and would bring about “The Rotted Lord’s most pathetic of demises”. Lord Malta sent his 25,000 of his soldiers to find in every city on *Bioima (“bi-yo-mah”*, the shorten name of Biommalgaia) and the cities occupied by them kill every child younger than 12 years of age and every first born baby.

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Monarch butterfly symbol with a white green rose on top

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Even makes his own officers kill their own young offspring, which they did with such little hesitation, but afterward, many of them demanded repayment with not gold… but for provinces of their own. Sapros would deny them this, and ride off.

A shadow with eyes of red followed behind Sapros as he chased the woman down every alleyway, her running to only safe place she knew of that, the only place that the lord of the city was not allowed to enter… the Church of Hymns… running to the church ground, knocking on the giant iron doors and screaming: “Give us refuge! Give us refuge, please! I’m a fellow saint of the church!” But before she could be allowed to enter, Sapros reached her and his wolf stead attacked her and with it’s heavy paw crushed her skull… the lord of bramble looking at his act of horror in delight… one who hates ones who dwell and praise the makings and songs of Gaia and her ”sanctuary of heaven”.

A mother and father was bringing their baby up river in secret away from the baby killing city, which justified their acts with “ending of a demon child” and “keeping the population maintained from overgrowing and overreaching into other gardens”.

The armored wolf steads vicious tear off and devour the flesh of the poor dead mother, Sapros carrying the child to feed to his wolf stead, but the deacon of the Church of Hymns called out to stop him.

As an adult preacher, who amassed a great following for his words about heaven and how good deeds, not just of prey, got you into the glorious realm of Pleronad where all souls were from and if clean, stayed after. Only to give up the life of sin, apologize to others and your ow n self under the prey to Genitor of Souls and The Mother of Life only than shall be clean to enter the heavens. But this way of thinking was not received lightly

in all the cities, as disguised servants and warriors of the Yalta Tri clan reported to their masters, and soon all the way to the two leaders of the clan all the way to their worlds, the two High Papas (king of priests) being The Snake Ringed and The Lord of Rot were not so pleased from a peasant trying to undermine their work with what they saw Nazsiren's healing of the sick and making bags of food and water appear in his hands to give to the starving and thirsty as "parlor tricks" and "magician shows". , With a cruel trick, they bribed the leadership of Remet being King Seti Su and a few barons in charge of the province where Naziebor is location being Nero Su and Henocto Su, and sentenced Nazsiren to death for disturbance of "other professional religious activities". He seeing a vision of this come to pass, the preacher had a final feast with his followers and went to Henocto's palace where he devoured his grapes on a golden récamier ("ree-cam-ee") chair where he was promptly arrested. carrying the chariot wagon with gorging berry Henocto and Nero (sharpening his blade against wet stone) with their with their gossiping wives inside, instead of their horses, wearing a crown of thorns which was lesser than the thorned crown he wore in heaven. As the preacher was tied to the top of the pillar, hands and feet tied together, Energia in him would announce that he would die for all their sins, and let this be a grand restart for all people present and beyond to do better so they can enter Pleronad, though the person that developed with the body was scared and frighten, and wanted to see his mother again. But Energia within him assured that everything will be alright, and for his unshaking faith in goodness he will have a place in heaven. Later in the night, Nazsiren on the seventh day of the seventh month on the forty third year of King Seti's rule would die in ablaze; he was burned atop the tallest pillar in the world and torn apart by great bloodied vultures sent by Areis. When he died, Energia left the body and revealed himself to the crowd as the stars in the sky forming a face and speaking. Not in vengeance, but in assurance that sin shall not overcome the eternal spirit within the mortals… and the ones that done good and continue down that path will join him, and the ones on the dark path and worse followers of Factorium's ways and manuscripts must repent in apology to cleanse their sin cleanse and must do good after… or else they will succumb to the gravity's pull of Barathrum and become too heavy with sin to be lifted up compared the lightness of goodness which weighs little on conscious. Dark and murderous desires shall not enter Energia's domains, only seeking of community and companionship in the Pleronad shall be welcomed. As Energia's face disappeared and the stars realigned to how they were, a dark cloaked being watching from the shadows, whispering to a couple ones there as they follow him into the shadowy alleys of the city.

Some of the peasants and village nobility, people all across the planet both working men and women and some wealthy landowners were there. One particular man in a rounded hat and white stringy wool shirt and pants dirty from work in the field and worn sandals ran up and looked to the night sky and asked the god of the star bright night: ***"Where are our warrior angels?! Why not send them to deliver us from our torment! From our oppression from the landlords and the warmongers!"*** He cried.

Energia sighed in disappointment and state: ***"The battle ready angels of The Eternal City in Pleronad do not fight in wars of mortal men, and do not aid in social warfare of women. As the angels do not subscribe to physical things…***

They are protectors and guides of the soul, the vessels of ζηςhι (conchi)… they protect the good and righteous in all stemming from the heart from the demonic and the evils of this and all of creation. But not the physical bodies they live through, shall be given fruit of the soul, but no angel shall save and protect the body if it is to be.

If you desire that help to protect your physical life from evils, you may as well ask Barathrum and the General of Warmongers and even the Lord of The Metal Cities himself. Though I, Energia, warn thee… that the body may be satisfied by his works, but the soul shall rot from within like a weed in the garden."

Then the man returned back into the great crowd and disappearing, with a look of disappointment and lack of understanding of what the god was actually telling him. After the final questions were answered, Energia returned to heaven, and left his mortal body behind on the pillar. Seven nights later, vines came over that body which scared off the royal guards patrolling the keep, and was gently carried into the clouds and put on the cloud steads of Gaia and her loving embrace as they rode forth from the world and venture to the Centre Pillar lightyears away and into the heavens. The body Nazsiren gained an identity as he lived as a man with his mother, than with his wise preacher brother and hospice sister, and with the many followers he gathered to the follow the rules and ways of the realm of Pleronad… this body would be given divine power and the piece of the Energia's spirit as a man within shall become his own, and known as the third child of Energia and after heaven as given to the Heavenly King, was dubbed later as the first child of The Heavenly King: *Nazagnot/* ☯ *("nah-zz-ah-not")*

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The Marriage of Stagfied, and the War on Ziet Hala dwarf world:

Four families come together with four flags to celebrate in the great hall of Adamonds in celebration of Stegfrin Mótsodur ‘s 16th birthday. The ceiling now risen far above, the whole cavern of the sun gem city now ascended and shaped like a ascending interior of a pillar covered in sun gems and new colorful stones… the castle bigger and grander with multiple bridges from multiple exits leading into it’s towers and base.

“Hail to the High Queen! Hail to The High King of Adamonds and Ziet Hala … the good monarchs of people and of the 17 kingdoms!”

Forming from a growing crystal from the ground, reatomized and shaped into a being of pure gold and silver, with mist overcoming and surrounding the being to now appear as a radiant maiden of pure beauty. Atheusadriel demanded why she was not invited to the wedding, as a very important person of the dwarfs, the one who gave them their ability to craft and prosper.

High King Stegfrin called: ***“Be gone from here. You are not my god, nor my friend… the hand behind Baron Auberich, friend of the Snake Ringed. The Gifter From The Sun and Giver of Promises and Prophesies… you may have blind some my collagues but you shall not have my sight and hand.”*** and denied him, which offended Atheusadriel and she finally revealed herself in a cloud of smoke infront of a marriage assemble of 20,000 baron and nobility across the world, the seventeen dwarven kingdoms and houses, four major ones being:

(One orange of the brigades of the dragon, hot-headed and impetuous…

the other blue and gold the Ironhawks golden bald eagle grasping arrows with claws, brave and true, though naïve…

one purple and red… the arrogant and selfish ragging hound… and one of green and brown…

simple and farming culture of the bear based “the breadbasket” and hyper religious, still believing in the god of Souls and Guidance Energia and the Sacrificial Mother, The First Maiden.

And the secret organization with the most riches and power being Auberich's cult and army both of dwarves in support of Atheusadriel and metal men with blades beyond any known technology far into the future and pole arms). Then the glowing maiden spoke out in a louder tone, as a green mist mixed with purple surrounded and clouded him, eyes of blood red and not so radiant maidan anymore. Seeming to where a skin of a scaled beast but a face of gold with a gold coming out of her back and forming into halo of gold and hint of silver (tarnished unpure metal).

"I was the one who crafted the stars, made the planets from dust to form. I'm the master of form and material... the first forgemaster where you all borrowed from.

In fact, it was "I" who made this very planet! The ground you step on, the creatures that crawl from the shadows, the resources you use and hoard so greedily!

your clothes and weapons you wield to defend for your little and shameless honor.

Your rooms, your houses that stand tall exist the forces of the world that threaten to tear you down to ribbons!

They all are sewed by me, by me!

and me "alone"! Without I, Atheusadriel the beautiful, factorium the unassailable! you would have "nothing", you no worth!

no knowledge!

and no **POWER**! "

Suddenly in the with a weave of a crystal wand that grew out from her hand, suddenly the gentry and nobility's radiant colorful garbs and fancy hats unweave themselves back into a pile wool yarn. Swords and axes alongside their sheathes turned into tiny shards or piles of ashes. The nobility there screamed in horror, the women ran to the high towers, secured and safe… while the brave among the men that did not flee the castle in hoards defended themselves with bare fists against the sorceress. But they, mighty names to their houses old, fell to dragon fire and spears built with material no man can make. The houses outside in the villages of dry-stone houses with conical and truffle mushroom roofs hit by right lightning were turned into a pile of rats and terrorize and destroyed the remaining supports and structures, tearing down bridges across chasms, towers turned into dragons that breathed fire and red lightning and flew into the other kingdoms to cause chaos. But some the villagers who were far enough away and had enough time to see, saw their surfaces

and realized these creatures were not of flesh, but were metallic and crystalized, they were not alive for Atheusadriel's power though great was not all-reaching.

"-Just wandering hairless apes doom to die with no one to remember thee!"

Then Factorium revealed himself in his hideous form, and damned the people, on cue men under Auberich's service immediately starting executing the people there… Stegfrin running away and in the panic left his bride at the throne who with a twisted smile trying to form of Factorium's monstrous insectoid and humanoid metal face grabbed the girl as his bait.

17th birthday,

Auberich overworking his people in the mines, and being on a mountain of gold sitting on his throne of emerald, crown on the rim with diamonds.

he escapes the caves of beasts with the help sent from the heavens and goes to stop Auberich and Factorium continuing their year long war against the heavens in the caves of Ziet Hala. Fights Auberich and is defeated, and comes across Factorium while trying to find Auberich and get revenge on his bloodline… in reality, he did realize it was Factorium he killed his father.

Siegfrin faces Auberich shooting red lightning and pushing King Siegfrin into a wall with his steel sword in hand, and the wall moved around him and pulled him in with only his head shown… Auberich shooting his red lightning and laughing maniacally… now after 500 years during the beginning of The War For The Worlds and Creation he could finally take position as King of Adamonds and all of Ziet Hala and beyond, "***I'm destined to be the richest and most powerful mortal in all of creation! HAHA!"***

But Siegfrin broke free and escaped Auberich but during the raid, ran into Factorium himself, fights in a room with a hole on the ceiling under the wall, a hole to the outside where a the light of the centre pillar can be seen

from space. Siegfrin tried to fight Factorium with his blade, but Factorium who stood like a pine tree compared to him only pinched the blade and broke it into pieces. Factorium laughed and formed a blade out of the strongest substance in the universe, which he threw to Siegfrin to pick up and formed his own black blade out of his body matter. The giant and the dwarf fought against each other, the superhuman strength of Siegfrin struggling against the divine might and push of Factorium hitting his blade with his own, they fenced and parried, ditches and crevasses in stone caused by the metallic monster.

Siegfrin's head destroyed, a flock of owls, eagles, tweeting birds and crows came from the pillar sent by Gaia, and picked up the dead Siegfrin with a blanket of vine and flowers and carried him away to the better afterlife. Factorium watching on, satisfied with his work complete, though the scar now aches… a scar made by a mortal. Which for now on, Factorium would never willing fight a abnormally strong mortal being again, in fear of their strange potential to challenge even him.

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The First Children of Gaia:

The spiraling river of the The Cretens ("cree-ten-ss") to the open sea path of the Aegsailans *("agah-sail-lee-an")*, which interested Factor greatly on his natural and nearly impossible creation. A secret which only Gaia and Energia knew who crafted it very long ago. In his need to know all, he went there in the form of a foreign old important looking king to those people to discover the secrets.

This place was the world where the first children of Gaia, before the Eden Tree was grown, on a world which sat far off from the first galaxy. Grown from fruit, the spirit from the sap of the tree and bodies formed from clay by Factorium, when he served The Beginner… two first physical beings for five thousand years with the birth of Gaia. The two being the first male, and the first female:

The men mortals all originate from the sweat of the ever-worker: Skáfo ("sca-al-fo") The Founding Tinker , and the inheritors of children and of the spread of the word (women) born from Kliro *("kill-row")*, The Receive and Giver, born from her saliva when she ate from the trees by the Aegsailians Bay.

Kliro and Skáfo would meet each other in the middle of the Lake of Life, and their kiss would be the first uniting which Energia and Gaia saw, found influence them to form the concept of marriage and marry each other as the first example… to avoid what happened with the betrayal of Kliro who stood Skáfo's hounds and steads to Factorium to gain a dress that mimicked moonlight, while Skáfo in vengeance took her mortal children and thrown them over the cliff by their home of straw into the Creten Sea.

This to Factorium was proof of his previous theories, writing this down in his old Tzma writings, while Energia in his early days with the fury of Ignis burning brightly within him lead Kliro into the woodland from a white parrot while Skáfo was sleeping, and at the exact hour of 3:00, he sent a thunder bolt at the house and set a terrifying ablaze. Gaia would scold Energia for the violent act, and leave him for seven days to carry the bodies of the dying mortal children of Skáfo, three boys and three women: *"Narmer The Bald", "Yimmir The Short", "Byzanta The Conqueror and War Chanter", "Florarrosa The Scholar ("flor-rah-ros-sah") "* and others nameless sent to different early worlds before returning to Energia and admitting the point of her absence, who Energia apologize greatly for his wrath against one of their sons… and he would afterward till the end of time tame the flame of Ignis in his heart and unleash it for the rare three crucial moments.

Though there would be two others be born gods, before the pantheon of Pleronad would be created. The pity of Gaia would seek out Frigus, thousand years after the death of Skáfo and birth the half cow and half wood: πράσράσεις *Litmuaudhu ("lah-it-moo-odd-who")* or just *Luroder ("loo-row-der")* who would run away from his father who was horrified by his creation and ran further into the mountains of ice of the frozen realm of Frigus, embarrassed he ran from the Earth Mother and went to other worlds, his own skin fell off as he traveled across the stars and created the moss and fungi that would attach to stone and eat away at dying things. At this final years, after losing immortality from it being stolen by the only other child of Frigus, would travel to world of the fairies, and his dying carcass would become the protecting mountains that surrounded and defended the fairies and the Mother of Magic: Florarrosa, who from the corpse of Luroder would tear open it's dying beating heart and with it's blood of amber and sap she gained the influencing magic of Conchi, which allowed her to cast spells with chants she wrote cause seeds to grow into full grown plants in a hour. This ability

wound be adopted and the magic to influence plants, gain a close connection to them through her bloodline, eventually leading to the later fairies becoming so close to the trees and flowers that they would inherently be connected to them spiritual and physically: the forest fairies. However, this connection caused them to be far more vulnerable to famines and plagues on the plants, which caused the fairies of mushrooms and woodland to be indirectly bedridden as well.

The second child was a being known as, the war-god who sneaked into Pleronad and hang himself on the Tree of Eden to the shock of the heavenly hosts, to impress Factorium so he could get the Factorium's personal Tzma journals from his early days as a god… who would be the one who created ravens that would be his spies, which Factorium impressed would take the ravens as a tool… though the ravens would keep dying without any water and food in the land of Geometria. So instead, he created robotic versions, and gave his remaining black revans to Sapros and Auberich as a gift of alliance… who would uses it as communication with each other and the other major council members of The Six Tri.

Wotowin The Wandering *("woah-toe-win"),* *The Father of Ravens, The Hooded Sage, The Cheater of The Beginner's Rules…*

Who he would not be evil, but do things to help the development of the worlds he lived at, though he would convince the laboring villagers becoming their civilizations that he was the true god, and the maker of the universe. He was no bad man, for he tried to control the civilizations to become grand but also follow some of the principles of his mother… but his tendency to over-control and over punish his subjects, and cause worry and envy to fill their minds, and gave celestial knowledge of the concepts of temporary existence… of death and the inevitable end of things; which would haunt and cause many terrible things because of it, though some content can arise even in darkest and most cruel of truths.

To make himself never die like his older uncles, and his younger brothers and sisters in Pleronad, in his realm of the golden palace of *Praesta* *("per-I (letter "I")-ist-tah (like "price"))*, The Halled City of Battle and Cheer in the far

northwest corner, shielded by five rings of asteroids and a mirage of rainbow… tricks Wotowin stole from both Factorium and even among the mortals. He would take the souls of warriors and gather them at his walls and gates as *The Einner* *("agah (like "hag")-in-er")*.

During the First Changing War (a period of 1,500 years), Wotowin under the advice of Gaia through a talking bush and the pink flower, the pink flowers which rested on her head which she was corporal. He would do the service to Pleornad, who wanted him to stop *Hecatonchireis, The Titan of Grand Progress ("heck-ee-ton-cur (like "curse")-rye (like "cry")-is")*. The titan who gained more and more power through the mortal worshiping him and his deals with Dawnis and his archons to lead more and more into the many hands of Hecatonchireis. His efforts caused mortals to sneak too much and ended up becoming tireless and constantly in-fighting and launching hundreds of wars against each other, destroying each other in the process. Gaia seeking to lessen this, she sought out the strongest warriors she knew, but Wotowin trying to seek her out met her by accident in the realm of the fairies. He accepted the deal that if he get rid of one of The Eregones (A great and impossible task for the strongest and virtuous true mortal warriors). He went the far off southern world where Hecatonchireis's presence was the most prominent, The World of Where Eyes Sees All. A land covered in soot of once of land filled with lush meadows, and blacken sky of smoke, with twisting and winding roads going from the ground to bridges going beyond the astrosphere; becoming like a great massive maze of steel wagons running by and upside which threaten to chop Wotowin's head. Eventually he found the giant that sat on a thrown on a cube tower lite by red lights on a thrown carried by flying mechanical chariots; constantly working to carry the weight of a titan of hundred limbs. He faced Hecatonchireis as he lied and told half truthes, even when Wotowin questioned him for his involvement in the war-torn destruction of many worlds that lead to their ruin and turned to shadows of their former selves. Hecatonchireis laughed a monstrous roar with his six mouths and his thousand eyes crying in laughter, along with his thousands of serfs below him that were so tiny to be like ants compared to the titan of progress. He looking back at the older god and stated in a manipulative way:

"Those poor unfortune souls, they tell me their sorrows and help them. Sometimes I may have thrown them in the trenches for not upholding the deal, but they failed their bargain and I have been nothing but a saint! I free them from a truth that they never should know, that they shall never know! And they will thank me for it!"

But Wotowin would not listen this drivel, and took out his spear made by Durin and the dwarves of Ziet Hala, and fought the titan for seven suns and moons until the titan slipped on a apple peal from a apple from one of his mindless subjects who saw an ad that he should ate a apple a day, an ad put up on the building billboard by Hecatonchireis. He fell and Wotowin took his chance and stabbed Hecatonchireis's in one of his six hearts which made him pass out. Months later, he would be cursed by chains of Unassailium tied to the bottom of Barathrum, with his weight and size by as great as biggest of gas giants being turned lighter than a feather by an enchantment of Wotowin, the first (other than Factorium and The Beginner) to speak magic to bend reality to his whims. with red stone and the help of his children: The Cyclops, to build to expand Barathrum and carry the realm upon his back as he moved it slightly every time he formed new land as the Cyclops used their own sweat and tears to form the red rock till the end of days.

Though his deeds are both great and terrible, the king of ravens Wotowin would make two great mistakes which would lead to his own bright kingdom of Praesta's fall into smoldering ruin.

Floki, The Miserable *("flow-ki")*

Torfin, The Demon Slayer, Wielder of the Storm Mace *("tour-fin")*

The Faybule, The Maidens who spoke fate through string *("fay-bull")*

Broocken *("br-rock-kin")* (the dwarves that refused to leave, and keep their artistry, culture, and ways even after their society brink of destruction due to the warmongering, burning of books, and treasure hording of Lord Auberich The Terrible 500 years ago.)

Sendarriken *("sin-dah-are-ree-kin")* (dwarves from the home world of Ziet Hala who came to stay in the lower dirty mines of Praesta as Wotowin's workers and makers of his weapons. For them to obey, he took each of their eyes out and to boys born for hundreds year before they started being born with one eye. One of them Starcater ("star-catch-er"), son of Storkvidi ("store-ch-vid-dee"), in revenge for his brother losing both of his eyes, since he only had one eye, he went into the sleeping chamber of Wotowin and stole his eye in his sleep and put it in one of his brother's eye sockets. His brother Moeir ("moe-ear"), who could see far further than any normal vision… seeing planets to full exact from lightyears away, the vision of the heavens. When Wotowin

woke up and found one of his sacred eyes he gain from the consumption of the great cow, in angry he went down to the lower levels of the Northern Reaches into the mines alongside his strongest son Torfin with his mace, and Wotowin with his spear not never missed due to the magic of Factorium he found Starcater who stood more like a great giant like the Eregone than a dwarf, with eight arms… it took the efforts of both The Fatherly King and The Great Thunderer to kill one of the strongest mortal warriors to ever live and than imprisoned Moeir in the high dungeons of palace with it's many marble columns and used both him and the Seers of Hecate to figure out the doom prophecy that haunts Wotowin's mind everyday. He was so fearful, he even went to Pleronad and tried to trick the people of The Eternal City that this prophecy would lead to their demise as well in order to gain favor, and a place in the heavenly realm so he wouldn't be homeless if Praesta. The Heavenly King entered the city center where the Fountain of Eternal Youth poured into the a small pool, and Wotowin in his desire to rule forever, became entranced by it after a naïve young angel there told him what the pool could do. Erase illness of Plagui, make one immortal, and one unable to fall to the makings of The Eregones and to all things lesser than Energia himself. Wotowin very interested, decided kneel and drink like a thirsty sheep from it and did not notice The Heavenly King watching. Seeing the crime against heaven, for only the innocent souls shall drink from the foundation and raise to become angels of Pleronad, he casted a spell upon Wotowin where he would be cursed to destroy himself and all who serve him with his selfish nature and immediately kicked him out of heaven, flying lightyears back into The Northern Reaches, landing headfirst into his own tower.

The wounds that day which he would carry the rest for his life, having a bad back and a constant red spot on his forehead, he would stop at nothing to keep the warrior spirits only arriving in and staying in Praesta, and arm himself for his own end of days.

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Children of Wotowin and his… and their sins

Born long after of the Second Changing War (a period of 5,000 years of conflict), now in the early dawn of the emergence of the kingdom of Orbis: Floki, born in a barnstead when Wotowin fired all the doctors under the

fear of them trying to poison him with the herbal medience for his gut disease; a disease he got from his legendary drinking addiction that would put whales to shame. Floki, who never drinked, was a middle child of Fatherly King Wotowin… he had a very different life and never really focused on, left in the castle to do whenever he pleased for 2 decades until he became an adult. Questioning everything around him his whole life but fearing his father and the shame of speaking against his mother, he did spoke out and catered to his parents problems. Until he became the age of 25, and saw his younger sister Freeda leave with a promising life his mom gave to her, to become one of the great shieldmaidens of the kingdom and late a leading figure among them in Pleronad. Broken by this, he could not take it anymore, and wanted an answer for he was given no role. The next day after Freeda left, during the night where Wotowin was done working and relaxed on his throne with his five jugs of rum, Floki went into spoke out about his father strange ideal treatment of him without teaching him anything or restricting him.

"***Father, I came to ask you of something?***"

"***Yes?***" Wotowin taking a drink of his pint right after saying this.

"***We aren't equals right?***"

"***Well… no of course not. I'm the king and father, and you are a prince adorned son.***"

"***If that's the case, then why do you set rules and laws for me? Like the people you work with down below? Why do you teach me nothing and let me sin how much I please while you scorn ones who have no genetic relation with?***"

"***I'm too busy for you, let me relax with the little time I have… go to your room, fool***."

Floki in response raised his voice, his masculinity will not be put aside anymore "***You always pick random moments to be kind, and to use me as your comfort. I let you speak your problems to my ears, and all you do is cast aside like garbage and pretend like it's my own good… my own *fault*! Anytime I even argue, I lose… because you know more than me, you know more than I could ever hope. And I will always lose… and to all your followers and friends, you will always be right unto the ending of creation. And what I be? Huh?***

Friendless, isolated and a joke under the shadow of a king. A king who never picks the right time to act, only from emotion do you act from… and all you get is praise… you talk and talk and you get praise… I talk little and I interact little and I'm the villain…. The *problem*…"

A silence came over the golden now dimmed room for only moment, before the father spoke firmly again. Now standing:

"***Go TO YOUR ROOM!***" Wotowin banged against his throne.

"***Fine.***" Goes to his room with his shoulders down and looking miserable, but Wotowin barks for him to stop for a second. "***Yes father?***" He turns and sees his father standing tall and grabbed a belt, approaching him until there are chest to chest with each other. Wotowin snapping the belt with a loud crack like thunder which echoed across the room, putting his hand on 20 year old Floki's shoulder as if he was still ten and glared at him with eyes ablaze.

"***Don't *ever* question me again. You understand?***"

Floki pauses… before saying. "Yes." Floki would eventually follow the ways of Lucifin, went become a trickster which would go and find the being of flame Ignis, and help guide him to its desired location. To his chagrin, it would not be such a grand fate for one who decided he would observed from hilltops instead of acting out a role like the ones who regularly saw. Eventually the palace would come under threat, when Wotowin looked upon the endless space from his golden balcony high in the realm's sky of made from silver and blue gems tightly compact in the thousands to not be recognized by the mortal eye, but easily to spot by Wotowin. As he breathed in the air of amber, he spoke into the void beyond his kingdom, of the deep space and said his opinion like space itself was listening:

"That realm they call: 'Wuijnilhil"… that "colorless madness" holds no fear in my heart ironclad. For the bringing of The Beginner's creation back into the nothing, to bring all things even the relics of the Creator into and become colorless and empty of meaning is a silly thing indeed. And ones who hate so much of others and hate themselves far more have nothing hold nothing to me but pity. Whine and wreck all that you touch but know that only brightest are ones who hold the blade to defend and know to heal and care with those

same hands. How is that not enough meaning to thee? Pathetic gods, servants of a place that holds no love for them or anything… and yet they care for it all the same. I indeed pity, and will return back to my halls filled with commotion and gossip as I sit on the throne of wood grown and carved by ones I call my friends."

Though a form of space was listening… Ignis, the great fire that was recently free from the morality of his host, hearing the words true even through the burning noise of stars and clashing of rocks and was sent ablaze. He traveled with the help of guide riding off his back with the fastest than a comet, and his approach so fierce and as hot as a million suns, that when he landed like a falling meteor, he melted the palace of gold in a liquid mess and burned away the skin of Lord Wotowin, turning the King of The Northern Reaches into just a bag of bones. With rage and fire, he threw all the power of destruction that not even the Terror Titans of Ereba (The Eregonos) possessed and brought the once second holy realm to nothing. As the Beginner prophesied in the dreams of Wotowin before and the Giant Seer of the mountains of Ziet Hala told Wotowin before, that mimicry of the heavens though grand and exciting at first will be punished due time. The wife of Fatherly King Wotowin: Fatotectus *("fate-toe-tech-gess")*, The One Who Hides From Harm And In Question Sneers, took the warning seriously and left the palace that she was treated like her prized snow globe to her guests, the palace which may have never meant nothing to her after all her effort while Wotowin stayed there still to protect both the effort he made build the castle hand-by-hand and to protect the heritage and people that grew up under it's pinnacle.

After the mess, the warriors would lose their bodies and their titans as "*The Swordsires and Shieldmaidens of Wotowin*" and return back to the Eternal City to becoming the aids of the angels who once were greatly accomplished and righteous lords and warriors among mortals… becoming statue-like figures who stood ever-watchful the second gates to The Eternal City: "The Watchers of Eternity"; as well as joining the Heavenly Hosts as the army… arming themselves for the coming of the early doom, now calling Ignis: Azgol *("as-gah-all")*, The Inferno and Ash Left Behind. Though his coming would not be, for Azgol's wrath against creation which ended with the Burning of The Eastern Quarter, where half of creation was put ablaze in the east as Azgol had trouble finding where the Wotowin's warriors hid, before a horse made of smoke and two robotic

ravens arrive when Azgol tore the innocent world of The Third Geai (once a hub for all the intelligent species who desired to be near the cleansing light of Ohrumri), which slowly traveled near the cosmic clouds of Tianchar. They told him in different tongues which Azgol did not understood, and finally with the ancient tongue of the primordials that they hid at the glowing pillar of light that sat in the center of existence which they helped lead him halfway there before retreating in fear.

Azgol approached further and further, the hosts of heaven getting ready to defend as Azgol just touched the tip of his finger of flame on the pillar, The Beginner along with Energia/Mundus, intervene and locked Azgol away in a prison made from the flesh of The Beginner itself, that none could escape except only when The Beginner's heart stops beating… and the chest placed in the very center of the realm of Imumanadir until the End of Days: *Qaçmaz Soñu*, where it is said that the chest would be open as the inferno Azgol and the unforgivable evils trapped with him later by The Heavenly King would be unleashed… first turning the most naïve and suspectable to corrupt completely insane with the darkest parts of their most evil ancestors and attempt to destroy anyone and each other under Blood Moon stained by those unspeakable evils before Azgol himself would burn through creation as The Great Fire which with the only the eyes of mortal sight catching their own planet combusting in a great explosion of lava before they were burned away seconds later leaving not even bone and metal left (this happening before the gods would do battle against each other).

However, the imprisonment of Azgol would not be the most eventful, distracting the heavens long enough Factorium's plans of conquering creation and ridding himself of his rivals in Pleronad would commence in the Second Changing War.

With the one who guided the blazing giant: Floki, he not only lost his home but when he went to heaven to proclaim that he ended the tyrant Wotowin and brought "an enemy" of heaven to ruin. He was still denied entrance to the front gates and was forced to dwell on a random world of swift clouds that blocked all starlight and sun, in a city of gloom and future pathes gone, the city of Prose *("pro-see")*. Where it's sign held by three pillars state four lines, written in blood of the last of the grey ones before slain their green descendants: "

*"**ad experientiam se et necare*** *("ad ex-spear-yee-ent-um sid knee car-roo")*

noli male loqui se et necare *("no-lee mal-lah low-qui sid knee car-roo")*

converti introrsum se et necare *("convert-tea in-tra-soon sid knee car-roo")*

Et morere puer quem es, qui timebat incognitum. Timuit hominem, et mala eorum... et deleatur ab iis qui etiam te timent. *"*

("it mor-re (like "red")-roo pooh-where qwa-m (like letter "m")-s (like letter "s") , q-wah-we tea-may-bat in-kong-yoon-tum . tea-mew-oom-nana , it mal-lah a (like letter "a")-ah-room ... it de-leach-er-rah-ab is q-wah-we eight-tea-m (letter "m") tah-eh tea-men") "

Floki The Forgotten would lay in this world, alone in the streets like a beggar… until he finally died from breathing the smoke of factories to ease his pain and dysentery from the lack of fresh vegetables he eat due to none in the city eating anything but processed sludge. His soul though when it tried to enter the realm of Pleronad as well after being guided by an angel of The Eternal City through his life choices, put into different bodies of the people he met; he still was denied entry to the blessed realm for his curses and rants against both his father, mother, siblings, and to his creators Energia and Gaia and to The Beginner itself… even when he was in the service of a high prince overseeing the peoples of Presta. Floki blamed them for everything that has happened to him from a void he crafted around himself to protect himself as a child after returning his 6 year-long solitary training with a unemphatic and non-personable teacher… he talked no kids and sat alone, to ponder the ways and makings of everything around him, and spoke no ill will to others so he wouldn't be made an enemy in their eyes. And ultimately, he became their enemy, and an easy enemy that was thrown aside with ease and cast to Barathrum. He died as he lived, in the embrace of his shield, to being unuseful and pathetic. Now he lays as a wandering spirit in the wild and sinful streets of the wild cities, where sluttery, gluttonous creatures stayed and the greedy that made up their wealth in the wretched land stayed in their towers chained to orbs of gold the size of mountains.

"***All abandoned me… for maybe I was the monster. For the few bad things I've done to my family, and the silence I had between each lasting many months. I'm was worth little in skill, and the worth I had was to comfort my father of his greater sins and his ways to make it up to sooth himself. And to figure out my mother who hid from the disgusting lower floors where playful dogs live… and focused on her kind and hidden selfish attempts to control all things addictively and actively to consume one's life with no clear results. To the women who lived with me, I was unpredictable and insane… and to the men who lived proud***

and far from my stead, they judged me as lesser and weak. A disabled, or a crippled they thought of me, and I know I am not. And yet, I known the solution… to talk to the others down on firm ground, and yet I could not take it. Maybe because the older who cared little about the youth's burdens took the town's space for more regularly… or because I left positions in the tower guard and in the cheese factories along the ports so quickly. Was it the allure of music by the local sirens and snake-oil bards who lured me into a dream that I may have not waken from? Or was it my lust, that took away days I had to write my memoirs in tutor's study and when I had time to write laws for my small piece of the vast kingdom? I don't know, I have already asked too many questions and thought more than a average person ought to, too much time felt wasted. And now a truly unknown, I fear no one would want something or speak to something so broken in speech and charisma, someone who just thinks too much and speaks too little. Useless in the eyes of strangers who want normalcy… and so I for my knowledge and angry that I have no strength to use, the walk along hell's roads may cleanse my burdens."

With his bag on his back, just like in life who gathered things that haunt him in his mind, his bag became heathier on his shoulders which it continued to be for all eternity. Well, perhaps not… for in the plans of Energia, it would be until he apologized for his words against heaven and let go of the hate he holds strong like a blanket across his heart, which only then (unknown to him) he would be let in to Pleronad.

Later on, the skeleton of Wotowin himself would be taken by Dawnis, actor of Factorium's will, when he reached the ashen and stone ruins of the once thriving city state kingdom of warriors and hardy laborers. In the stars that dealt with the shadows sharpy and more pronounced than anywhere along the darken stone, he clamped chains to each wrist of Wotowin and hang him on a great flat stone for everyone to see. Who from the wishes of Factorium if Wotowin perished, he wrote a inscription on the wall with the harsh though precise as a dagger language of Geometria which read:

"Nobody came for him, the one who thought himself the most important… the second to the true heaven and thought he could create his own. But it perished and was corrupted, as all who mimicked the holyland in the mortal realm.

Instead for mortals sneaking and do not wish to die… stick firm to the earth, and not retreat to the mind but stick to the vision of your sight.

Praise your weapons, praises your craft that gives you power, praise your schemes to overcome an obstacle, and praise to the fire that burns forever… which the naïve of Pleronad do not wish to harness. Harness it, and you shall become as powerful as I." – Perfekci, The One Who Gave Mortals Power To Survive and Win.

***Written by a loyal servant of the highest grace.**"*

Though soon after, a old withered and wrinkled maiden cloaked in flowers gently approached and placed a bouche of flowers of Wotowin's favorite yellow dandelions and built a staircase of vines, and went up to kiss the cheek of the skull of her son and as her lips retreated after, her face and body fluttered away in a pile of leaves floating away in the endless space around; the final compassion that the destroyed Wotowin would gain, for his spirit destroyed by the primordial flame of Azgol, only lifeless body remains in existence.

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Gaia protecting The Pillar from the beam from The Tower of Spectacle that was bigger than the whole planet it was built on, the tree form nectar fell with the conscious souls that rested within Gaia's being falling into the depths of the bottom of the universe, birthing creatures born of lightless suffering, of the unspeakable and unknowable.

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During this year 6663 of the Second Changing War, Elirth finally falls in the hands of the Endder and is destroyed… the war profiter orcs and goblins who developed the habit of invading worlds with great armies to buy and sell to refuges from lost worlds or to high lords from their own world… now themselves became refuges and became the great outcasts and monster scourge of the universe… one of the many sins of Factorium's machinations.

Years later, A mortal prince name: Alexa Antonticquiti (“alex-sah and-ton-tick-quit-tea”) of the world near the destroyed world of Second Geai, the sand dune and great seas planet of Ottomo *(“ought-tah-moe”)* which now harbors as well the griffins of Sun Horisrah *(“hore-rah-is-raw”)* and Narmer… was trying to save his father from a deadly illness went in search of the rumors of a godly being to cure it, instructed by a ragged horned seer of the deep jungle land whose eyes were covered by tar and fingers darken by fire and teeth yellowed and moldy. His quest which lead him bring the queen of the Sons and Daughters of Set The Great And Terrible and of Sun Lord Narmer: Cleophoia Su *(“clee-oh-foe-ee-ah , son”)* , who decides to leave her boring, uneventful, and overly peaceful home to question reality itself. After a grand celebration they would leave the world together on her carpet of magic given to Cleophoia by a strange magician long ago. They traveled to many worlds to find a cure, and could not find one, until the news reached the most darkest ears of all, of Factorium. He schemed and devised a trap to have the now infamous Prince Alexa, Strongest short boardsword wielder in the cosmos… far away as he still sat in his domain, he formed an astorid above Alexa and Cleophoia’s carpet that sent them flying down into the deep space below, than as it seemed like darkness below as Alex opened his eyes, he saw a barrier of red mist… they fell through and were captured by winged menaces that chained them and flew them all the way to the worst place they could be. In the deep of Geometria at it’s center, in the forge of Factorium the two were thrown to their knees by robotic soldiers. Factorium that towered over all of them, thrown a leather bag of meat at the winged demons that nearly killed each other for it’s contents, then in a snarl at each other they both carried the bag away and the wicked spirits went back to their wretched domain.

Factorium talked about his demands and his plans, as he wrote in his journal on a slim metal podium and crafted and forged tools as the mortals sat in bewilderment behind him… focusing both on his craft and interrogating the two about their knowledge that even he did not know. The knowledge of the power to use stars and convert it into useable energy, a skill he himself had trouble mastering and yet mere mortals like the people of Remet manage to do without his intervention. As the room and the outer huge halls of mechanical gears and towers of glass and unique steels stretching from the high ceiling seeming as far out of reach like a sky, gears shifting and everything changing it’s position slightly every 3 to 6 minutes.

"Your low intelligence, a low born mind in the body of a highborn, and immature ape within, is so significant of a problem that you truly do not deserve free will and it's blessings. is But I, who are among the greatest of beings, and know all there is to know… I'm the only one fit to make the free choices."

Factorium continued on, hammering with more aggression into the orange glowing staff that he held down with one hand and hammered with a mallet with another.

"All you make excuses and pretend you truly care for what you preach. But my eyes and ears cannot be deceived… all of you truly desire to just create babies with each other, either out of a need to own and take credit, or to be remembered by or in a physical relic in the future. And yet the few who do not are scorned, my true followers and children… and bring you closer to perfection. The rest of fools don't deserve it, devolving back to war! Sex! Social warfare! Petty and meaningless arguments filled with conjecture. Is there any logic in that? Or is that really what the Energia and The Beginner wanted? A hapless group of idiots, always tittering on the edge of their own doom. Not to ever be constantly productive, endlessly happy, endlessly satisfied with anything they do. Constantly asking questions and not just eating and obeying like their own animals they tamed, that are much happier than them.

Is this what you call your future? Your "love"… idiotic… a waste of my precious time that is. Greatest mistake, you lowly organic trash!"

Factorium got more passionate and angry, which even Alexa agreed with some of what he said. Though the rest felt like it came from a angry child, who because he did not know how to live among people with his monstrous metallic appearance and his supreme abilities… to seeming need to eat or drink. He could live forever and make amazing things, and know so much. Yet because could not live and understand, he will forever despise what he is apart from. With this conclusion met, the prince responded passionately back, with all his years of experience with local people and their customs across many worlds and systems that Factorium himself help to create showing:

"It may seem… may be that way, but it's not truly the end destination we all value. Especially at the end of our lives when we leave to see the fields of Elysium. But rather, it's the journey of that love which binds us, the things we sacrificed for each other which makes our wills strong throughout the trials of living as a "lowly organic mortal".

Factorium started getting annoyed, ceasing his craft on his new staff of power and finally made eye contact with Prince Alexa.

"You think I don't know that, you loud mouth hairless *simian*? *(which he stated with great scorn and resentment).* ***I've seen the developments of your people far before you were even an *idea*. For I'm your originator, the one who gave you the arms and means to raise to the top of the food chain! And yet they worship the two of Pleronad?"*** He nearly spat as he finished his sentience if he had saliva to spit.

"I know…" He looked down with some unsureness rested in his voice, but Cleo putting her hands chained behind her back together and came closer and rubbed the tips of her fingers against his knuckles, even the smallest warmth of the one he had become most fond of as they went across the horrors and conflicts across existence together… he stood up in challenge against the being so much greater than he. Which caused the high god of mathematics and corruption to bit his own metal teeth, insulted and infuriated.

"But you have never lived it, so how could you be certain of it's uselessness and your apathy towards it? Even you must of felt compassion, at least a sliver of it at some point along your long long life. Even your minions must of felt it, no one desires to be alone always and forever! That's a load of rubbish!"

Factorium who stood there and with a dark smile overcoming his metallic face, he stated plainly, looming over the prince dressed in red cap and glimmering armor of crystal.

"I have no love, I *cannot* love life or speaking things. The only thing I come close to with that irksome thing, is my love of craft and making... and *perfecting" structure and order of other and my creation. And soon... *(*becoming more threatening, eyes glowing red*)...* ***you too shall not feel love."***

A crocked grin of someone who departed into the darkest depths would make: ***"And love is in the way, of *perfection*..."***

Cleo knowing the futility of this exchange, knowing they will not find a cure here… as Factorium lefted his staff now bright and placed it on Alexa's forehead, his face being overcome with frostbite as an request; she with a enchantment disappeared in a cloud of sparkling smoke. In fury, Factorium commanded his flying machines and winged devils from Barathrum to search everywhere inside and around Geometria and find them, no mortal magic could of taken them to another planet. They luckly escaped through the guidance of a mysterious feminine and male voice guiding them to the ship docks without being the detected by the unruly and wild demons of Barahrum and the stoic and much more dangerous Watchmen of Geometria *(metallic guards and soldiers wielding spears and polearms equipped with laser bolts, and one of them as the same strength as a warrior angel of The Eternal City in Pleronad)*. Eventually escaping on a ship powered by Factorium's own magic blood which was redder than blood, and left the planet as they were guided to the great Centre Pillar and their souls let in past the Cherubim

as they many winged creatures once slaves and cursed souls of Barathrum lifted their great swords of flame and allowed the two to go past the gate and into the Gardens of Genis *("gen-s (like letter S) ")* by the Great Lodge of Genitor *("gen-it-tour")*. A branch grew from the Eden Tree as it formed into a fair woman of hair made of vines, that from her pouch gave Queen Cleo and Prince Alexa the cure for their people.. which Factorium seeing through his crystal ball in his study was outraged and he seized all his minions at his forge who failed who where in the areas that the two hid in and managed to escape their sight and with a strike of the lightning blood red of the fiercest sort which echoed across the realm, both the lifeless automatons and the fearing demons who obeyed any master were burnt to ash.

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Narmer would walk the lands by himself as the first born on the world *of Ramet ("raw-met") , The World of the Lone Revolving River*. And drank from springs not yet drank, and watched on the sands dunes alone. He made and founded cities alone, as his bother was soon created by Gaia to assist him and making the kingdom.

Set who was born with a head of a jackel and of an demonic resident of Barathrum of red skin, a cruel mutation made by the evil sorceress as revenge for not being the mother of the child, instead it being Eve Nilnefer ("ee-vaah nigh-knee-ver") The Beautiful and Lord Narmer Su The Founder's child. Narmer was rejected and casted away to be raised by his more ambitious brother and war hungry: Montra, who he himself was also different; being more a shadowy falcon than a bright griffin. Lord Montra, The Lord of War and Warrior King of the farther away down the great "world life river" or "The World Snake" of Jormara *("your-mare-rah")* in the far north, in the city of Thrace *("fur-rice")* and the neighboring Hermonthis *("her-mon-dis")*, The Twin Cities of Victory.

Set with the guidance of Montra Su, would go back the the city of *Amure ("ah-moo-ree"), The City of Origins*, and in their sleep under a full moon, Set Su murdered with matchtee his own mother and father and took over the

city and all of the land of the Griffon people to become Set The Great and Terrible, The Son and inheritor of Narmer.

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Even the angel named Athlas, The Truth Speaker once of the High Elirth age and a wanderer and skirmish ender, king maker that was also eventually captured by the demon grunts of Tenebris and Dawnis who dragged him in chains into chariots of fire pulled by ragging blood-thirsty drooling dire wolves and brought far from the serene world of gardens and streams: Titus, to the metallic cities of the Second Geometria. Brought the rest in the way by ships powered by Factorium's magic, and placed into a elevator that took them to the depths and to the forge of Factorium. Factorium in eagerness, decided his punishment for defeating his most prized titan: Dawnis... he would experience Factorium new and cruelest spell, the Knowledge of all evil that has been done in existence. The knowledge and feeling ever pain, of every curse, of millions dying to guns or to natural disasters... to billions of voices silenced by a super nova... horrors hidden in the corners and curtains of the universe that cannot be unseen or spoken, and endless tortures of every method that could only be dreamed up and done by from the most smartest and creative mind with the power of a primordial. Athlas's mind was broken and he fell into a deep dark state of mind, that he nearly died on a noose under a crooked dead wicker tree in the cold winter snow. Before he nearly dies, the rope was cut by an invisible force… the two greatest stars in a cloud shine in the blanket of the cosmos greater than before, and the glowing white stars formed into eyes and into a face that though incomprehensible far away spoke and sounded like he was right in front of Athlas. He showed visions of the peoples in his great cosmic kingdom, common folk working and churning butter and fetching carrots and radishes from the garden, and men with great machines powered by the local wizard and inventor's potion as a fuel, cutting away great stocks of wheat… cutting old trees and replanting new ones spaced out to prevent vast fires. And showed and spoke of nobility, the ones who knew what they were given is both a blessing and a weight, which they must pay do by honorable and just judgement in their leadership. Energia spoke how that evil came from great wonderful goods that overshadow... casted a light that can never ever be destroyed, no matter how devious and how powerful it is... how TRUE it is. Morality, family, friends, community... and the

love of nature, and the night sky and sun and celestial moon. Those truths will never cease or die, and all the daily unyielding selfishness and god-pretending is a powerful feeling distraction at best; but the smartest and dumbest of fools that indulge in it shall fine a grave defamed and a death must most terrifying, even without pain.

And if they want to be Beginner and Energia and hate him (Like Factorium's sees The Beginner's plans as faulty and wants to make it perfect. Which really isn't what it is, he just wants to make how HE likes it. For of course, who could a mere corporal born body see plans so beyond him and accomplish all things to a molecule, ant, bird, human, planet, star... and galaxies... that will last to the final day, where the answers will be revealed)... they will be apart from him, and they will feel him leave for the first time in their spirit's lives, for Energia and Gaia was there for every suffering they had alive, even when they damned him. And now he was gone, a misery far beyond a mortal's overcame him and they knew true hell in the white nothing. But those who believed, they saw golden light... but not a golden cloud kingdom of Olympia or a throne... simply light. And there was peace, and the family who you loved and the friends you lost... you gathered there and are perhaps not happy… but content with your life’s direction and balance.

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In the midst of a small Victorian looking village in the outskirts of the universe, reaching far into the depths of space until reaching a sort of “milky spiral” galaxy where very few habitable worlds lay in it. But one did, a world somewhat near it’s center, being the only one in it’s interestingly structured solar system of two rings of a perfectly average sun: *Géai* *(“chai”).*

A little girl with of puffy long blonde hair, with a hair knot on top tied with a pink thin tie. Clothes of dark blue velvet dress held together on the front by five puff balls and 3 white 5 hole buttons. Wearing long winter stocks

and black tap shoes, Her eyes as blue and young as a baby jay. She asked first Tenebris why they are ruining her home, but he only stated that was his purpose, but the girl saw no interest in talking to him any longer and asked who his boss was.

Tenebris enraged nearly smacked the girl and shouted that he would not be dictated to as the Lord of Suffering, a grand force of nature by mortal scum. But Factorium gestured him to cease and move aside, and she asked him the same question.

“Why are you doing this, sir?” She asked the metallic barely human being, which she in comprehension stood barely to his knee.

“For the good of the universe, to rid the flaws from it. Your people’s free will that you have degraded into this society of mind games is not what it ought to be.”

“But why are you killing them? Why not talk to them?”

Factorium did not understand. “There’s no point, little girl. They went down this path, and they are certain of their ways. They must be made an example.”

“But why not convince them? Why not at least try, instead of assumption?”

“Assumption?!” Factorium cried out with a shriek, breaking all the glass windows nearby. “It’s certain! I calculated and see their behaviors made bare, I know their true selves from my many studies of mortal life. They cannot be convinced even if I gave the mountains of treasure and many wives or men straight form romance novels to adore.”

“Why only that?” The girl asked. “What do you mean?”

“That’s not their only desires, right? People want take care of others and feel part of the whole. Why not give them something like that?”

“You understand very little girl.” Factorium becoming threatening. “I’m the smartest creature to ever live that has lived over 20,000. I’m the factual and the apex, and all truth that did not derive from fact, from me, is of a lesser being… like your little distracted gods. You were only lived for merely 10, and you think you know more?

“I have a different perspective, that’s all.” She replied simply, which shocked the God of Metal and Craft.

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After this act, and let *Factorium* savor his victory over the domination of an creation of *Gaia* and *Energia*'s mind... *Energia* and *The Heavenly King Rex Coeli*/♕ decided they would play a trick of their own. They disguised themselves as unthinking metallic and demonic cult worshipers of *Tenebris* and fly in a basic grey chariot to the "perfect" kingdom, a kingdom of scum, misery and ego. Coming off, hiding behind a large steel rectangular pillar, disguising themselves... Energia transforming into a old withered blind man walking with cane in front, while Rex transformed into a elderly woman constantly holding on to her husband's shoulder. They entered the great black metal tower of *Regnoneer*, passing through great mazes and halls of complexity but with no substance... then entering a large dining hall, which was filled with such scum and villainy that tainted the seemingly perfect shapes and designs of the place they ate and drank like savages in. Red and swollen, greedy and glutinous demons under *Tenebris* ate by the tall imposing metal guards holding completely metal polearms high near each straight column, the room held up by six exactly on each side.

The looming Tenebris which stood like a giant over everyone, stooped down with his legs laid outward, in a stupor as he drank a giant bottle of Barath Vigor (a drink of sinners). He wore a golden armor which he had from his time in the Curved Wooden Palace of *Otiquill,* and a golden helm with feathers an eagle's feathers protruding up top. His eyes were a sickly but dominating royal violet, an constant moving aura of purple energy, like water covered ever inch of his body. His appearance mostly human, with a long squarish brown jet black beard and curly hair which did match the flat style of Factorium's preference. And a protruding stomach, showing his gluttony and ease of life under the tower's bountiful supply; though still, his palms and the limbs of his muscle are bucky and combat harden, a fearsome fool. The two walked to him, shocking Tenebris and the demons all around... but then, it turned to a sudden cruel crowd of laughter... pointing and sneering. The demons laughed up a storm, and called the old couple names and curses... Tenebris voice drunken but still booming with the sound of a erupting volcano.

"YOU STEP IN HERE, IN THE EMPATHY-LESS OF PLACES... AND EXPECTED... WHAT? AN SUPPORTING ARM TO LEAD YOU TO YOUR HOUSE MAT?!"

The frail old man spoke: *"A place of refuge for my wife and me."*

Tenebris sneered: ***"A REFUGE? YOU SMALL INSIGNIFICANT FOOL, YOU AND YOUR WIFE... REFUGE WE DO NOT OFFER, NOR SERVICE TO ANY THAT CLAIMS THE BLOOD FORMED FROM THE LEAVES OF *GAIA*, AND THE WILL OF *ENERGIA*!***

NO MERCY IS FOR ANY BEING WHOSE CLAIMS ARE MERCY AND LOVE, FOR WE ARE STRONG... STRONG... *STRONG*!" Tenebris with his deep loud swollen throat voice bellowed out, which gain cheers from the demons dining, while the emotionless metallic guards stayed quiet and never smiled... as they always had and shall always.

"NOTHING IS WITHOUT A PRIZE, IF EARNED THROUGH BATTLE AND VICTORY! IF YOU HAD THE ABILITY TO DO SUCH, AND THE NECESSARY STRENGTH TO OVERCOME. OVERCOME THOSE WHO WOULD PULL YOU FROM YOUR "PERFECTION" AND GLORY! THEN THEY SHALL FALL TO MAKE THIS WORLD TRULY "BEAUTIFUL" AND WITHOUT "FAULT"! LIKE IT OUGHT TO BE!"

The old lady speaks weakly:

"You would deny? But… (*cough*)… but-" The frail lady tried to speak but her parched lips and airless throat had trouble speaking, she tripped as she stumbled her words and fell on the harsh metal ground, made for show and not for walking, as the demons and Tenebris flew in without need to stress their limbs. The husband helped her up, and she continued. ***"We… we cannot survive, my lord!… we are weak... and we are hungry. We haven't had breakfast or dinner for weeks, we haven't not even a berry to eat. Please... help us, lord of Geomatria... We thirst as well, our journey here was to find food and nowhere in this city there was free water to find... we may surely die on this very spot."***

The demons giggled at the hearing the suffering of ones deemed lesser to them, but it was interrupted by an enraged Tenebris who threw his tenth bottle of wine that he didn't even finish and stood and shouted with a boom that echoed across all of the incomprehensibly large realm of Geomatria, a shrill violent noise like chalk scraping a blackboard.

"YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO COMMAND ME, ME!
LORD OF THE GREAT TOWER THAT SEES ALL WORTH KNOWING!
LORD OF MORTAL SUFFERING AND ORGANIZER OF THEIR DESTRUCTION!
NO ONE WOULD BEG TO ME, AND GAIN ANYTHING!
ESPECIALLY NOT FROM SOME DYING OLD BAGS WHO DIDN'T HAD LONG TO LIVE ANYWAY AND WASTED IT APPROACHING MY KNEE

***GET OUT OF MY* SIGHT! "**

Tenebris breathed in a tired voice and sat roughly back down in his lazy posture... closing his eyes to sleep a drunken sleep again. But the two decided the act of pity could not turn any results... they lifted their bodies up from their pains and stand straight and tall like mighty knights at their prime. Then each glowed a bright light, the husband of dark blue, and the wife of golden yellow. The demons looked and screamed in fear as they ran away, the guards finally stepping stoically from their spots and pointing their weapons toward the brightest things in the room. Tenebris looked over and fear overtaken him as he nearly fell over to try to gear his spear.

From the two stars, the great blue star with the golden star beside... a being of green and brown emerged as a tree from them and took a feminine physique. And with her mouth and glowing eyes of holy light, she sung as song with such compassion and such humility that it made the demons cower and repent while Tenebris stood in shock as his own godly life flashed before his eyes. She sung of the creation of the universe and sung of the compassion and sacrifices of men for noble causes to protect their loved ones and to wives who gave all their to gave a new generation a chance to be live and have a cherished life, and continue the cycle of life. To the songs sung by lovers to their brides to be and paintings depicting the beauty of the world around them. To the sheer love that Gaia has for her children and Energia will to guide them to their best selves, and to Heavenly King’s compassion to give them a peaceful and grand adventurous afterlife.

However, a loud ear-piercing cry of death and nihilism cracked the very tower they stood in and destroyed every glass and object of wood, echoing across all of creation. Breaking the ears of all the demons in the room and nearly breaking Tenebris's. A bottom of a black metal staff pinned his spear in place, red eyes opened from the dark and Tenebris stood up back straight to greet it. Stepping from the shadows, a tall metallic figure with no wires and innards, with board cornered shoulders which were wider, and a height that towered over the giant Tenebris as he puts his hand on him.

"It's them, our enemies of the light have come to us."

Walking with mist of shadow surrounding him like a plague of burning... he walked to the glowing beings with his own dominating magic shining red from his wand staff in hand. But the elderly husband raised his hand, to halt him... confusing the highest lord of Geomatra and of physical power.

"We do not wish to fight, we come to see our foes' humility. And clearly, none of your own loyal commanders have it, nor your own soldiers... you do not respect the rights freedom and generosity of opposing weaker beings, and not even your own allies. We no longer have terms, your war you pushed will come... and, my brother Factorium. You fall with your legacy of dirt, that is destined here and now I proclaim all who follow your path shall not see me and my son's heavenly abode.

For you have not followed a half a grain of which you claim… and because of fear, the corrupting… which if flourished in oil of selfishness becomes the seed which all evil blossoms and is born, the tragedy of free-will. For those who use it as a wake-up call and lesser guide to empathy, to be hospitable and caring, it is nothing more than an old fool grasping for time they do not work for. But for those who carry it's tempting offers as a shield and net, let them fuel them… they will become darker than the greatest of shadows, even the Endder, the ever-present destroyer itself. You disagree, Factorium, smart but blinded by it… which happened before you with the ever-alone Frigus who is dominated by its conceptual master; then by the makeup dresser: absolutistic control, who dolls up and puts it gently like a parent feeding a baby (however, he find himself poisoned gradually, but it's good taste and animal brain keeps them on it till the inevitable end at judgement day). And after, by your greatest of servants: Dawnis, whose paranoia of his divine status made him forge the beings that would hunt and put down any who be claimed, beings perhaps far worse and long lasting than your Titans of Terror.

And yourself… which could not claim you because of your immense awareness and unmatched knowledge and intelligence…

even though stolen by beings with enlighten, for none who aren't enlighten and fall to intended villainy can create… any who claim otherwise are but thieves. Instead, it was through worry of existence and of the poisonous faint spark of divine supremacy (the thought that because of your safe and unproblematic life means you earned control for all around you), which now has become an great inferno which none can look away from. And what lead you here?

You think you know better because you had time to think, our creator given to us and to mortals the tools to live wonderfully… lust, ambition, leisure, your technology and math… can all be used to live a life that is full. But you fear being like mortals, and so you are smartest… but the most blind and unloved. You think yourself an elite, which has spoiled itself onto mortalkind… they think in blood and genetics, to control the outcome to their vision. But all who do, like you, make their own lives blind and short-sighted, for all who question, either the strong Hercules or the heart diseased dwarf… fall to their safety nets and do not seek to answer their flaws and seek out others' strengths, will find themselves close to the fire's edge, no matter how long that may take to burn. But it may not matter to you now with your immortal lifespan… but will at the end, as all things will lash out from unlove, for their instincts when their life is darkly uncertain or near the knife's edge.

Be generous and stop this madness of hatred for the love and passion you refused to see... and of yourself… we will stop our war and we shall open our doors to you, as a brother and wiseman, and proper judgment will be given. But accept this responsibility, and I will promise to see a place for you secured at the golden wooden doors of the ever-loving heaven and the endless green fields and trees. Which all of us and celebrate your return, with chill shade for a picnic spot of great food and drink, gossip and cheer… till we had our fill at the raise of the grandest star ***אוֹר רָאשׁוֹן****/"Ohrumris", which lay beyond any with feet and ship at creation's end -*

("(in the first tongue spoken by Beginner, chosen and left behind in the wake of mortalkind…)

- which glows brighter and warmer than the first spark, under the fading luminate fading Tianchar sky in the time of ***ὥρα*** */ Horah ("ha-or-rah")."*

Factorium grasp of his staff tightening and the shadows around him becoming bigger and less transparent, nearly threaten to consume the very room.

"I will never stop. All things that deem and dub me lesser and talk down to me... shall and will be smitten and set in a smoking pathetic mess. Forgotten in time like all your needless gifts and the doomed efforts of prolonged mortality in the name of your love."

"Then..." The husband stated. *"…your home is not in Otiquill. it is where you fill your halls of wordless ego, and associate with brigands and cowards who are the one was dumb enough to ride under your banner. Tell me, mighty king of all earth and metal… is your weapons and craft more greater than the soul that rests unease within you? Which you ignore for your ego's sake?... Until the words you*

said today sting as much as it does for me and the lives you stole and belittled. Sting before the whole collapse of the universal curtain and the story of all lives ended.

Goodbye, brother. I hope to meet you again, once your body you have rotted which has rotted your intent dies… than I shall meet again with my true bother."

The two mortals suddenly vanished into thin air, Tenebris cursing up and down in a rage, while Factorium stood there... plotting. In the end, the cosmos was reshaped, and nearly half of all mortal life died... but Rex was the war, and Tenebris lost his arm (replaced with a enchanted robotic one by Factorium, which Tenebris is more known for) and each evil being was sent to their own prison realm.

Before Factorium would be caught by Energia and Rex's heavenly host in his own tower as his plans and minions all fail or leave him… he speaks into his crystal ball of , and speaks to another voice on the otherside.

"You can join me fully and you shall get full power…"

"I… I *can't*"

"What do you mean? You cannot be half dark and half not! Join me fully and you shall have all the power you ever want!"

"I want to somewhat… but I know your nature. I'm from the future and know all your deeds, you are a liar, a trickster, and will just use me. I'm not seeking to be used but want to become all powerful on my own."

"Don't you know who made dark magic! Who made the very minerals and metals you stand, the clothes you wear! I'm the peak of power! If you don't recognize that and think to surpass it, you are a true fool."

"Whatever it be… I'll find my own way."

The voice on the otherside disappeared and the crystal becomes clear once again, and the heavenly host knocks on Factorium's door.

Tenebris was put in the realm of endless shadow, while Factorium was put in a chamber of nothingness locked behind a door with a lock not even he (the inventor of mathematics, the smartest being) could not solve, in the realm of ultimate nothingness:

Wuijnilhil, The Colorless Maddening *("wu-knee-nigh-ill")* .

A realm which has no echoes which even *Imumanadir* has. A place with no sense of space in the infinite white, the only noise someone hears is their own heartbeat, breath and the sounds of joints, and their own blood flowing through their vines. And for Factorium, he heard had no organs, and so there was no noise at all… a realm with no elements, not even Beginner's ζηςhι /Conchi to influence the realm to obey it's universal laws (no gravity, no energy, no weight, no atoms)… the light that shines seems to be light, or is it a frail attempt to make sense of a world that has no elements? Where only existence exists in a pocket of *Wuijnilhil, and everything of* Wuijnilhil is just the same… to comprehend is useless, for there is nothing to see, hear, smell, taste… even feel. Anything you see in it, even the white… is your mind playing tricks. So you cannot see… nothing… even shadow with no light has something, so what does nothing look like?

After the conflict when Factorium's body was destroyed and his spirit in the "Απτω Αλυσίδα" /fairy to human Salus village English: *Apoto Allsída (*"*hap-poe-too al-lee-sigh-dah*"*),* the first gas weaved by The Beginner and being the closest thing to that being in form. that had enough density to hold on to objects… which Factorium could not manipulate or phase out of like the several other attempts to capture him. Tenebris was brought from Pegasus driven chariot lead by a alicorn cloak in Energia's and Rex's light, so overwhelming to blind even the good farmer, and string and burn ones who done wrong and refused to make amends… it's passengers Tenebris and his winged bulls ragging, drooling and sweating and they stretched and kicked to be set loose upon the holiest and safest place in creation. Taken in the *Pyknosobsidi* ("*pie-co-ss-ob-sid-dee*") chains, the heaviest material formed from collapsing stars and the drool of The Endder after a world is devoured in the it's shadow; he was brought over the Eternal City where souls of goodness and lesser angels dealt, and to the high white ivory towers that overlooked everything lesser, and finally taken to the highest point, which seemed different from the other realms… inside of bright glowing marble and dirt, it was grass… not unique or brilliant grass… just normal cut plain grass. He was dragged by his legs by two accompanying angels which stained the grass with blackness and rot, since he refused to intentionally walk on the ground of his enemies.

Walking through a great meadow of grass and flowerbeds and birds tweeting, which the two most significant things was the great tree of Gaia; which sat in the west, where a whole court of angels and deceased mortals sang beautiful and humbling hymns about the journeys of their lives and the makings of creations and joys and cons of that. And in the center was the wooden palace of Otiquill, which seemed to be small and large depending on the way you looked at it… as big as someone envisioned heaven, and as small and comfortable as one wants it. Entering the wooden abode that an aura of light radiated off of it, taken through the doorless gate into the ultimate light. Tenebris's winged bulls were taken to the side outside as Tenebris entered and were killed, their souls taken in jars and delivered back into the great light that sat behind the recently craved throne of Rex Coeli, already crowned with jewels and bright splendor beyond mortal comprehension. A staff in his hand which if you looked closely and were able to look at it at a microscopic level, would tell all of the past history of Mundus and what would even happen after and all the way to the end of time.

On his knees, with the three highest angels above him which glowed so brightly in blue that they seemed more like stars than physical beings; Tenebris sitting like a chained dog compared to his now high brother, appearing before in his battle worn and broken physical body while all the other beings radiated with the chainless spirits. Now Divine King Rex… he told Tenebris his first judgement and decree with the brightest light in all creation behind him, with the visage deep within of Energia… that he was tried for treason against the heavens and endangering and ending uncountable mortal and immortal lives.

"***And for these reasons… the creation of things and beings that now cannot be undone… brother and second divine son of Energia… you shall be placed in a realm which shall do no more harm. And since the one who corrupted you has been placed in the great nothing, which he fears as the one who distorts and cannot create fully utterly from himself. You will be placed in a realm which you fear and you claim to be empowered by. The realm of endless darkness and no chances, where no light shall reach you or avail you…. The realm of Imumanadir, far below Barathrum which you made your domain… but thousands of miles of lifeless and moisture-less rock and below that a great wide chasm which eventually would lead to where you will be placed. The Barathrum would be the closest thing to you… but you could never reach it.***"

The General of Misery Tenebris hearing this stands to his feet with some struggle, laughs even when his voice is cracked and his breath faded, his already broken throat from his endless feasts of pork and wine, and from his barking of commands.

"You cannot stop the Grand Lord Factorium, Supreme God of All Matter… it's impossible, every mineral and metal is his to tame as he weaved it. He is the creator, and Energia did nothing but ruin it… and the Darkness? You plan to trap me in the dark? Do you even know what I'm impowered by, foolish brother… naïve Rex Coeli…

my power is the darkness, I'm the craftsman of man's destruction. I would be invincible there, amass so much power to even dethrone the Beginner myself!"

The divine prince sitting on his throne looked upon him with a raised eyebrow, but before he could speak… Energia descended from the great light and stood before Tenebris, putting a hand on his chin and raising it so dark decrepit redden eyes stared at the eyes of eternal flame of the cosmos.

"König Coeli… You were born of me, of Energia… you were once a being of light and then continued on deep into the dark wood. You can be empowered by it, use it… but you were not created by it, and so cannot fully become it. Within you, is the light of the soul… you can put shadow around it or twist your mind and body beyond repair. But as long as you came from me, as all life apart from Factorium, the deep frost, and The Two higher than myself… you cannot be fully apart. If you were empowered by the light, you will find more power there that your soul will take than in the ruses of whispers in the night."

And so 40 eras pass, which last 5000 years as the trial to decide Tenebris went on as all angels and the deceased cast their votes… and when the decision was made, the High Prince of Otiquill made his vote… Tenebris was to be locked in the bottom of the universe: ***Imumanadir, The Lowest Point*** *("I'm-moo-man-die-er") "*, where shadows and evils connect at a apex, eventually where above it would reside the realm of *Barathrum, The Great Burning Hell/Underworld ("bar-wrath-rum") "*.

(Extra note: The realm of *Imumanadir* that true remnants of the cosmic void, the eternal blackness, now at the very bottom of the universe... the thing that existed even before The Creator, but after *Wuijnilhil*, which never had a beginning. When The Creator emerged from it, some Grey Ones recalling it from dream prophecies called him: *Manadir ("man-die-er")*, *The First Corporal Out of Blackness*. Though the humans hundreds of years later, would call when the entire universe was the void *Manadir* (meaning now: "The Template") and the realm which nothing but the void exists in as *Imumanadir* (now meaning: *"The Last of The Template"* , coming from *Imu*

("I'm-moo") meaning: *"The Unfinished Piece" , which some of the most fearfully knowledgeable (including Perfekci) refer to the realm of destroyed worlds and true lightness darkness that surrounds The Endder's domain*)

Energia appointed Rex Coeli to the High God position, who mortals would rename when talking about Rex... and call him instead: *βασιλεύς Rex/Bahselo Rex ("bah-see-loose"), The Top of The Pillar of Governance, The Heavenly King, The Order Bringer,* and *The Rule Caster*.

Soon after the crowning of The Heavenly King, a divine son and interpreter of Energia, The Shepherd of Souls would invite everyone with him, and all of heaven both great and small left their steads and followed the god across creation. As Father Energia rode on invisible lines that corrected the stars together: The Starways, Mother Gaia rode on his back to their first place of marriage: the realm of Tianchar, where the holy star אוֹר רִאשׁוֹן/*Ohrumri ("oh-rum-ree")* resides with now five belts of it's small planet offspring circling it where Gaia and Energia had their first picnic as youthful gods, with the first of the mortal children they being invited as guests… and their most happiness day: The Wedding Under Ohrumri, Loving Guardian of The First Stars and Worlds… which today, shall be the March 20th, year 57,000th of Energia's birth and anniversary of Mother Eden and Father Go'nul.

A great mass of chariots with riders both angel, god, and mortal souls… which the host was so wide and vast, from the mortals on the grounds of the mortal worlds, they their children in hand they looked up and they host of angels and gods seemed like shooting display of hundreds of comets flying across the midnight sky, disappearing over the horizon and mountains. A display of awe, in the young minds that witnessed it who would be inspired, and the adults tired wishing to go back inside as it was over, but couldn't with loud voices prying for answers.

Energia asks for the thousands who have come to witness, to be alone with only Gaia by his side at the cliff as they walked from the snow, melting, and to the edge where the wet evening spring grass grows blue and happy.

"I love thee… greatly Gaia, Mother of All Things… and my wife, me thee husband. But I must leave… now that our son sits upon the Throne of Pleronad, and has become one of holds virtue and empathy for all things like us, I'm no longer needed here and needed elsewhere… for creatures beyond the light of Pleronad must hear our message. And I cannot do this in a form so limiting and less as this."

"But… will you return?" Gaia questioned, putting the back of his knuckles on the palm of her hand and placing her other hand on his palm of his right hand. Looking to him with eyes of amber and glass, glistening in reflection of the star of Ohrumri.

"I cannot, I'm sorry… but-" He takes his hand from Gaia's grasp, and takes her hand, placing the back of her hand on his palm, and another hand on her palm, holding it sideways instead of flat like Gaia.

"I must go… there are souls who call to me, and like you have said before… I mustn't ignore ones in need. I wish to be there for all beings, little and great… weak in body and strong. Even the evil that refuses and resents me, and the good who adore… sometimes too much, without thought or reason. I wish to guide them in their own direction, for themselves to live how they ought to live. I may only do this in a form that is greater, as more bigger than our own creator and The Endder that always stays in his shade. I must join from which I sprung from, I join and woven back into the great fabric of Mundus."

Gaia not understanding very well, but understanding the feelings her husband has felt, she came close and asked for herself: "*But my dear Go'nul… how may I see you again? If you would be everywhere, everything. Would this be our final meeting? The end of our marriage and our union? I do not desire to be alone with no one at the end of all things."*

Energia chuckled to himself and smiled: "*Do not fret or ever my dear Gaia… for I won't lose my love for thee, for I won't disappear-ever. I will by the stars and night itself… guiding souls trapped in living to be satisfied in spirit and not just in body… and guide them here in death, to the most beautiful and whole-ist place in creation. you will always be with me, my Gaia. You are one with every shade of grass which shall receive my light in day from the sun and light from the sleeping moon, and the stars that dwell, dotted and stuck by The Beginner pike pins to a board. I love thee and that shall never end, my beautiful Eden."*

With smiles on their faces, they both hold hands, in admiration. Close in bond, the earth with grass and tree growing hugging and meshing against what seemed like both the starry night on his upper body and the lower being the ethereal blue as jay sky with white and golden clouds slightly covering the majestic sun that stood solely. The Mother and the Father, Genitor and Genetrix of the living sons and daughters of Pleronad like the

high sky of wonder and the solid ground of foundation. As all present company witnessed a divinity of love and compassion which shined and glowed around them like a blanket. It warmed the hearts of all those present, make them both feel lesser but also feel connected in the grand scheme… in The Heavenly King's who sat behind his host of angels and even the mortal souls and watched from a distance, he thought to himself… perhaps the Beginner's plans were of brewing evil and conflict were not so bad after all, when it made these moments of unity mean so much more than they would have had evil did not pry and disturb and finality did not haunt all of them deep down.

Gaia looked upon Energia, her love…. and with a stead made of star, he left his loved ones behind in Tianchar and left to go to the furthest thing, the Border of Mundus where The Beginner resides at different points of it during day and night. Gaia fell to the ground rest on the grass, her eyes distracted as her passed her hands along the thin blades. Then she looked at the stars with watery eyes and a sorrowful grin, her dimples and forehead as red as rose; falling and laying on the ground on her side, then merging her body into it as her soul went deep within the surface of the world. A great forest of flowers and trees of many different species all united in one garden emerged that day, with the last of the great trees and divine children of Gaia to form: "The Tree of Hope", lay there with Gaia as it's guardian spirit… and all present, both divine and meager mortal wept that day for their mother now in her haven of peace and fruit of good fortune and thought. The great host of Pleronad left, with The Heavenly King *Bahselo Rex Coeli* crowned in crown of Hope's flowers as he lead the children of Pleronad home as a shining golden star. Though even with armor glistening and horn trumpeting in victory, he looked down to clearing of the red mist of Barathrum where far down was a great chasm that lead further below. In that moment, Rex heard his brother's voice cry from the depths ***"Rex! Help me!! Reeexxx! Help me brother! Help me!!"*** His commanders and Three Beacons that rode beside The Heavenly King asked him who that was. But Rex who mourned his brother, who once did see much value in people like he did… now as King Bahselo focused his attention to his people and lead them back to safety and left his brother tainted by shadows in the depths.F

Energia would sail across the evening autumn Horah and by the time of winter, would reach his destination, where The Beginner and his Bhava Wheel that still spun and always will spin the stars, planets, cosmic clouds,

and it's punches forming the black holes that held it all together like glue. Energia like an ant compared to a mountain, called out to his creator for a request. For one of the most rarest of occasions, The Beginner stopped spinning his wheel, and with his eyes being made of thousands of stars he looked to the flickering humanoid being of blue energy and with his mouth like space itself speaking it asked: "

after would became one with the very universe and become the wellspring which all living beings depend on... though as this came to past, two of the Beginner's rules came to past. Energy cannot be destroyed or recreated, and the second that all actions made have their own opposite reaction. This rul the physical experiences and physical body of Energia was left behind... and became the husk of planetary-sized space flame and cosmic rage known as Ignis, who was witness of the suffering all things and hated it utterly and despised, but without the morality of Energia to tame the husk it ran off from the brilliance of The Beginner and his Wheel of Creation at the furthest highest point in creation and ran to the shade of Mundus, of the universe at the very bottom, lower than even the blackness of Imumanadir but higher than the realm of colorless nothing… where decaying and half eaten relics of planets once filled with life, he found the figure of the destroyer, the victor in the end: The Endder. And with a foul plead thought of in fear of the being that stood lightyears over him, it surrendered itself as a tool and a weapon to the unthinking doom. And hence forth, The Inferno of Energia abandoned the light of Pleronad that his master once had all of it within and become a follower of not just The Endder but by possessed by the very thing the primordial all those millennia. The loveless wanting to obey something that has no love, the realm of nothing that entices them. A realm that spans much greater than Mundus with plenty of space that demands more, that valueless realm they both want to become the only realm.

The inferno left the side of The Endder, and unlike his two masters, he had the Energia's wanting of companionship which the reasons for were not left behind and only the instinct… and so reached far out and wide in search of ones who would follow, and came to the sleeping cities of the recently abandoned Geometria at the most southeast part of cosmos, he find trade routes that would lead him to the trails left behind by the Council of The Six Tri, who most have the most affinity towards love for the nothing.

Hesperides tree where the five sage fairies and souls become Oracles would sit around the tree and eat the apples from it that grow from the dew of Metis, which this small garden in the middle section of the city of glowing marble: The Eternal City, guarded by a winged minotaur under the constant vision of the strongest of the Three Beacons of Pleronad: Atalah. They help the prince of Remet with his answers, and help heal the body of Prince Stegfrin… though when the damage from the frost and blunt force trauma was too great to recover, they tried to save his soul which even it suffered from deep wounds of anguish and loss of sense. But the soul with the help of Energia placing a piece of his own being into him, Prince Stegfrin returned and in his wake glew like a beacon of light… a star in the mortal form. He returned to his people, and became the Prince of Sun Gems whose purity would cause the people to rally and the material lord Auberich to flee with his men to another world… while Stegfrin become the true king of the dwarves, The Last Son of Yimmir The Traveler, and the purity that he was gifted when reborn was passed down through his generations to become: *The Line of Wrahil (“rah-ath-l (like letter “l”)”)*, The Blessed Keys of The Forge (Wrahil meaning in Ziet Hala tongue: “*one with hovering halo*”).

Though both humans and *Grey Ones* agreed that that all selfishness and evil were born in the void, and the creator was the first selfless being. Though that selflessness was broken when split in two, becoming the absolute selfish/neutral gods in two VERY different ways:

Wizard Ordo to Avail:

"One of obsession with control and creating to it's design and one obsessed with the destruction and end of anything that wasn't born of itself and is the colorless/songless nothing… you can choose which is worse, as that’s your will speaking. I only speak to lay the stones for you to pick up and walk forward on… as if I didn’t… you would be no better than the dark mass consuming everything in it’s wake, eternally.”

Though that goodness and morality was brought back and discovered again through Energia The God of Heat and Energy, Genitor of Souls and Light and Gaia The Life Giver/The First and Eternal Mother, the most moral and wisest gods who together made humanity and all life, given them ethics and empathy. One Energia could not be recreated and destroyed, being truly immortal even beyond his own creator… while his ambitious brother Factorium shall live forever as long as there is a body for him to inhabit of any material down to dust particles, which he can form himself again. However his own wife much more susceptible to death, even as a soul, the damage she does to protect her own creations from the grip of evil and hopeless eventually will lead her to her demise, which Energia worried greatly about that eventuality while Gaia tells her ethereal lover: "*Focus on my creations, and guide. My end and the end of all is inevitable, it is the journey, of the fight… that is the best moments we can have for us and our own children both god and mortal.*" . But Factorium was much smartest and saw beyond the moment and was the prize of The Beginner. He did so much and learn all the material secrets of the universe, making all the materials and minerals, finding and forming mathematics and science to make him the most educated and smartest being to ever exist. However, his ambition and him seeing so far beyond Energia and Gaia, and even The Beginner blinded him to the truth of love and community, that blacken his spirit and became (without ever knowing it) the most evil being in existence. He killed billions of mortals directly and indirectly through his naively loyal general Tenebris and his monstrous minions, and through his plans to be above The Beginner itself. So he can fix the problems that weren't problems, but the strengths of man's hands to build and also to care for others we love would kill selfishness and make all serve the land and end mortal evil, but in doing so would destroy the gift free will Energia and Gaia gave from themselves to them, and make humanity, elves, and the Grey Ones. And in doing so, putting all living things into that fear and roll over and die like cattle, with no ambition or drive to be better. Which the grand chaos at the beginning and eternally within all things gone and with *true* order that once was temporary among the great periods of an era. But the price is that they never lived, the only one who lived was the only selfish being… evil being… Factorium The Great, Greatest Lord, Greatest Mind… the only mind and soul in his solitary creation filled with stir and movement.

Because of this, Energia had to fight... even though he wanted peace and community unity. And so, he sacrificed his body and mind to become the very universe, the very life energy... surpassing even The Beginner, so all life would be safe and be guided to his son: "The Heavenly King's" holy land for their spirits to be protected from Factorium's evil and his ones influenced by him. Those who wish to not be with Energia and his son's kingdom of hope and peace, would by with ones who also rejected their love and compassion... to live either to wander the cosmos with no direction, or the sins weighing your souls down as it's dragged into Barathrum by Lucifin the Trickster, and all rejection of compassion and the path of absolute selfishness, which is the qualities the devils of Barathrum want to drag you down for and turn you into their servants to satisfy innate desires that which shall not be uttered.

The god's very purple blood though, from his wound of his arm being cut off... would float throughout the cosmos and make it's way into many worlds in a crystalized form. It's twisting wicked and hateful power would poison any life near it... the fools who hate their lives and wish to be beyond all others (either spoken or never thought of other then in the subconscious) would use it's power, and even by twisted and their skin either slowly becoming purple or green through being away from the main life force of light that all mortal beings were born from (literally slowly dying from their lust of more influence and power). Some beings (like the Wicked Witch of the Shadow Citadel and Dr. Metalpunk) would even be able to connect and speak to a fragmented spirit of Tenebris himself, learning the ancient secrets of craft and mathematics... of forging and truths of the cosmos that no sane mortal being should hear.

Metalpunk, unlike the Wicked Witch, when learning of the existence that Tenebris causally mentioned as the highest being: "Factorium", learning that the "first" god was metallic in nature, wanted to speak to him. Tenebris, now truly knowing a way to contact his master, pretended to be him and lured the false living being into a sense of ease... teaching him the ways of his old master, in the crafts and forging of the world rather than his greater knowledge of magic he gave to "his apprentice" of the living realms.

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The Spawn of Gaia, The Great Mother, and Advocate for Meaningful Life

Gaia in her efforts that spread life, joy, and love across all the cosmos… like Energia who sacrificed his body and most of his corporal mind to become the spiritual energy source for all living beings capable of love… Gaia grew her great branches and roots transparent glass across each world, gas giant, moon, asteroid belt, stars, solar systems, galaxies, galactic clusters and beyond. Wrapping them around her protection, that can would protect against dark magic and corruption… except against something like The Endder, a foe nearly beyond her.

The Great Sin (Griffions under the eagle humanoid phereses (golden divine monarch/pharoah, -Pher Roah/pherroh in Griffan) under Rah: Ramses The Fool (brother (in name) of Moshsa, the nonblood related Grey skin adopted by Rameses family, who Ramses kills after the war on the cross out of revenge, then not satisfied… chasing his soul on a golden chariot with a golden host of his greatest legions across the scope of Mundus (the universe) nearly getting to the Centre Pillar where the Heavenly Kingdom dwells, until Energia (the very universe itself) personally shots a beam of lightning at Ramese's chariot which does not kill him, but sends him crashing downward nearly forever down the realm of space until hundreds of thousands (around 1,000,000 + miles) where he started from he passes the great border of red mist and dark spots which leads to the fiery, plant-less realm of Barathrum. He passing stretching arms and screaming visages of the lost and the ones who were born and dealt there, until finally when the nightmare nearly made the mighty pherroh and proclaimed god faint… he landed in the emerging skeletal palms of the worst being to meet as a mortal… he landed in the great red skeletal palm of the titan: Barath, The Red Death… a fate worse than death.

The War of Four Armies (The dragon-skins magical based planet, the griffins Egyptians who used athen like spears and shields, and the high advanced technological Grey Ones/Grey Skin (grey orcs), and the ones who

started the war (and who were the weakest) The Insect people lead by Darkos under Malta's command. All sides had significant amount of Barathrum demon soldiers, and a few Balrogs… supported by Lucifin himself, manipulating all four sides for his own devilish divine benefit. At the nearly the end of the war… the four planets fighting amongst each other for domain found themselves in the path of the great destroyer, The Endder… and from it's all encompassing figure of shadow where stars and light dwell… raising from the deep, nose less earless, eyeless… the only thing that completely lightless was his steel helm of a horned and spiked nature… telling it's intent with no need for words. A being of a clawed hands and thousands of tentacle appendages, clawing and tearing at everything around it… crying loud piercing bellows that were mockeries of sound. It only took one tentacle thrusting through the planet's core to the another side, like a spearhead… that ended the war and killed the leadership, including Darkos and the pathetic Malta himself… ending his "so-called" legacy… now that all the worlds involved were doomed to destruction and their histories forgotten and nearly erased.)

Malta, The Diseased, The Emperor of Dirt, The Conscious Offspring of Gaia and

Goajeiun, The Son of Two Mothers (The main one to start the War of Four Armies, and lead the Mantis Lords (he corrupted by making them fellow the teachings of Tenebris, he himself being the single demi-god/mortal being to have fully known and come in contact the spirit of Factorium himself, and survive and live long… which, of course, meant he was a truly evil and horrible, cruel being). One of the most evil and darkest tyrants to ever exist, filled with pride and resentment to his cursed ancestry to the most disgusting creature in existence (Goajeiun) and to the most elegant and most beautiful (Gaia).)

The Mother's Sacrifice (One day, during the organization of Orbis, where Potestas has ruled as king for hundreds years… and a great age of peace came called: "The Years of The Songs/Yir Vaqti" ("yah-er va-ack-tie"), where Yir came down and given musical notes and harmonies to the mortal peoples, to sing their hearts away in communion when dark days cometh. And when the great tree, which hidden by the curtains of the sky… held the very gleaming sun: "Kökterek" ("cotear-ack").

A very far off outer border world of: "Nefas, The Blacken Smoot" ("nigh-fuss"), home of The Scorpios, violent and chaotic people who the ones with the strongest stingers and fangs would rip the others' to gain the throne and status over the others. Maidens shouted and poisoned each other to became queens, and the men killed their fathers, brothers, cousins, and best friends to get the chance to rule for a mere decade before the same was done to them. It was a violent society that after it's industrial age, when they first discovered a tool to quickly gain cotton and wool… they bombed and scorched their lands with great weapons of fire and skin burning smoke, until all was asunder. However, a few old and young scholars and farming hands who exist before, and hid away from the terrors of their fallen brothers and truly deprived minds. They saved families and others who suffered, to keep their people alive… and after all the evil striked themselves down… the survivors and the few good remained. One of them, Musafirç ("mo-thrist"), tried to leave and escape from everything, but his soldiers who fought with him, convinced him to take the reins of king… as he was the only one with the skills and the empathy to be good king. Musafirç, filled with fear and selfdoubt over himself, a descendant of an evil and ruthless

bloodline… he took begrudgely took charge, and became the greatest leader known. Him and the new republic established: “The Namusli Order (“nam-most-i”) ’ -

- were so different from their previous warmongers ancestors, that the herald of the heavens… the first of the four sons of the Heavenly King: Nazagnot ("nah-zah-not") The Prophetic Good, came down to their world and whispered into the ear of the now very old King Musafirç The Good, and promised many good things shall come and his descendants shall make follow his example, and his sons who are jealous shall silence the voice of the heavens in their soul to lose the spark of lagos, and become servants of evil… an indirect servant of the first evil and the evils pawning off its power. To ensure Musafirç keeps the rules he made true and good, he craved it into stone and gathered all his subjects at the very peak of the great mountain, where the last war was wedged… with the old wrathful blood still staining the sands.

But his subjects did not know the good of Musafirç, and knew of the heavens and their gift of contentment, but their lives cursed and far removed… they never knew of the positives of such a gift. Though suddenly, a great shaking went across the world… but it was not of anything planned by Nazagnot or The Heavenly King. It was a force that was beyond evil and good… the cosmic devourer and primordial destroyer: The Endder, itself. It came like a shadow spanning across the very star constellations, and appearing bigger and bigger, until the whole solar system was like a patch of mud waiting for the titanic shadowy tentacle to smelt the cosmos into oblivion. But a great cry came, and the world glowed like light… and a great tree grew from it and blossomed into a beautiful woman… Gaia, The Great Mother had came to save the people who just now only known peace, from the greatest of horrors that is the nothing itself. She sang and cried beautiful woes and harmonies that pierced the most durable of steels, cracking the surface of diamond, with it’s majesty and love for people and their struggles to do and be better hidden under the mountains and skies beauty and sins that made up every world of mortals. The Endder yelled in a piercing scream and scratched and clawed at Gaia, bellowing every curse, yelling every sin mortals had done to break her will. But Gaia refused to move, even scarred and weaken, her golden nectar bleeding across the world which gave new precious life. But she no longer held back, and sang one piercing note about the unity and beauty of creation, which terrified and pushed back the great end, and it facing something it knew it could never understand, wormed it’s way back into the cracks of the fabric of space and time. The world of Nafes, was saved… Gaia helped and glad, her spirit left the body she inhabited

and returned back to the heavens, where the planetary body would become a important part of Nefas, a source of plant and animal life.

And the people seeing the very heavens save them, as they watched the greatest cosmic event in their lives… they bowed and preyed to Musafirç The Prophet of Nafes, who threw the stone slab of holy laws to the ground for the people to see:

“Number I: Do not harm your neighbor or family

Number II: Respect your parents, no matter who they are

Number III: Give more to those who would give, no matter how small or big. Do not give to those who refuse and refuse, for they have set their destinies.

Number IV: Do not kill or steal for selfish intent. And do not think to worship another other than the heavens and the beacon of light which gifted you a soul and inspiration, for such things can be taken without notice and if you love the other so much, you can be taken by it, and follow the fate that false god designed for itself.

Number V: Do not say you will try, chose to be better… for your family or people you love.

Do not mistake this for giving your time to those who do not love or care for you, who wish the world to burn… and so their world shall.

Number: VI: Choose kindness and hospitability, even when you are pushed otherwise. Remember that all your efforts shall be rewarded on the final day, where good and peace shall reign supreme, and all evil shall face a final judgement.

Number VII: Do not craven the holiness spirit of heaven into images and art, for the material is the domain and manipulation of Factorium, The Fallen.

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The Origin of Orbis and the Modern Age of Mundus:

Many eras later, after the storms of creation and many raisings and fallings of civilizations… The Heavenly King noticed a pattern of chaos and destruction, which he and Energia and the spirit of the universe could guide to end… but he felt he needed a voice. So, he decided to birth the sons of Rex: Nazagnot *("nah-zah-not")* The Upholder and First Prophet of Serenity Wisdom, guide of lost souls to the heavens… and the seemingly misbegotten younger Lucifin ("loo-sah-fin"), The Fallen Angel and the future Lord of The Damned. To challenge the two, he sent them both to become mortal beings. Which while Nazagnot gained followers and developed a new humble religion of both farming folk and wealthy, all equal under him, for their all share the unifying soul. He guided him in rags and wore garments and healed the sickly.

While his brother, became an infamous trickster… stealing the hens of farmers for his own diner… and crying "***Wolf in sheep clothing! Pirates! Thieves!***" to get everyone around him on edge, which made it easy to steal from the poor and give money to and bribe the wealthy to keep his horrible and selfish lifestyle in check. Pure anarchy, he believed… as the world burned around him, using the flaws of the world that make it worth living, to justify his sins. Unlike his more holy brother, he would be known as "*The Healer*", and who brought about the concept of loyalty to the spirit and quiet prey in song… Lucifin became known as the as "*The One Who Jests*", which the first tricksy thieves and the first clowns would call themselves: "*The Jesters, ones who follow the ways of The One Who Jests (Lucifin)*".

Barath The Red Death, the broken halved upper torso form of a red charred humanoid skeleton which breathes out a toxic red mist of concentrated sin and memories of agony pouring out of his mouth and the holes through his rib cage. The great being of evil that resides and ruled Barathrum a thousand years ago before Lucifin's birth... secretly the Titan: Dawnis, The Lord/Creator of Sin and The Deadly Seven Sins". He convinced Lucifin

(like his master Factorium with Tenebris), to sneak away to the small and barely developed realm of Barathrum (basically like small red asteroids spinning around a blackhole that leads into Imumanadir. With the help of creation magic from Lucifin, he pretends to befriend him and become "like his uncle" (even though he is the most evil being active in the universe). When they finish after ten days, half of the red rock lands of sin and death was complete... and Lucifin was slowly corrupted by the showing of the benefits of the Deadly Sins, which The Heavenly King could see right away.

He demanded an explanation, but he had none... and before his heavenly father could react, Lucifin impelled his crooked blood-stained sword into the holy being's bigger toe. In defiance, he pulled the perfect white clouds of Heaven and formed them into thunderous dark clouds. He pulled lightning from them and formed them into an unbreakable cage around Lucifin and set a court date in the Great Palace to see his actions were wrong enough to be sent out of Heaven. Surprisingly, many pleaded, even his more humble and more favored brother Nazagnot wanted him to stay and be given a second chance... the court, after seven days, nearly decided to let him be... but Lucifin, never wanting any other to control his fate, weaved words of such curses and damnation of all who are present that he destroyed all allies he could of mustered. And so, he was sent flying down to Barathrum, pulled by chains from a great golden chariot of fair steads of the sun. Even though chained and crowned as the First Damned Lord (Mortem being the second lesser one, though being more notable since he directly appears and is influences the WA 3- Caligo story).

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The lesser sons of Rex: the younger King Potestas and older Lord Mortem (considered very strong demi-gods "*The Last of The Divine*", unlike their two older brothers, who are actually gods (though Lucifin and Nazagnot are called "*The Low Gods*", to keep them from being considered among the true gods of creation: The Heavenly King, Gaia, The Beginner, and the ever present Endder.)

When born they were first called *Gerculus "ger (like "germ")-cool-loose")* and *Legatum ("leaguegah-tim")* .

Gerculus (child Potestas) and Legatum (teen Mortem) would by trained in combat and learned the ancient ways from Nazagnot (their older brother), while they sometimes set by the sides of Rex's gigantic golden chair and listen to the God of Holy Light's tellings of the makings of the cosmos and the hidden secrets that lay within

that no mortal has yet heard and written. Gerculus was an blonde haired child, while Legatum was a jet black haired very fair man... with beauty and charisma that would send nearly any lady to his side.

Legatum quickly become obsessed with the protection and stability of the Heavenly Kingdom, treating it nearly like a mortal kingdom which went against holy scripture. But Legatum loved his home and his status too much to leave it unprotected, and gathered loyal enough warrior and average laboring angels to join him on his mission to raid Barathrum and end the threat of the cunning trickster Lucifin and the more dangerous Barath, The Last Corporal Titan (the other titans turned into aspects and natural forces to haunt mortalkind, while Dawnis (Barath), clinged on to his physical form, which is why he was so damaged and weaken over the years). Legatum obsessed with books of past empires, and the great stories of the battles against mighty and nearly unsurmountable foes... and battles of a grandiose scale. Legatum wanted to be a part of those fights... he also actively disobeyed one of the most important rules to not interfere with mortals and their clans, empires, and agriculture management. Nazagnot being furious that Legatum went and interfere against mortals without anyone's permission, warned that Legatum tell someone he would leave, and they can plan a visit to the mortals in a more dignified and less dangerous way. Legatum pretended to agree, but still secretly went down to the mortal worlds... He later was allowed into the angel army of heaven, made to protect heaven from estranged mortals' curiosity and demonic foes… which now Divine General Legatum would use as an opportunity to start his mission to raid Barathrum and rid off the cosmic star maps. Notably, none of the Three Beacons and their seven angel followers each, refused to break their vows and lessen themselves to aimless violence. Legatum gathered the vengeful and naive angels to his side, a group consisting of him, six warrior angels, and six forgers, and six angel laborers trained only a little in combat. They battled and fought Lucifin repeatedly when he was by himself using "*loki-like*" trickery... eventually Lucifin gained enough a reason to gather his own armies, and the residents justified due to Legatum's unjust attacks on their homeland... the damned soldiers, demons, and creatures of horror and great strength gathered and ultimately defeated Legatum and his angel army, never killing all of them except Legatum and six of his most loyal followers. The Rule Caster hearing about this and also outraged to learn that Legatum went behind his back not only with the Raids of Barathrum happening over a hundred years, but as well as entering the mortal world five times without warning. As well as that, the brown

feathers from Legatum's angel wings were left behind and a wild fool preacher lost in the shadows of vanity, found it and used it as evidence for the raise of his cult known as "The Kluxcians", which lead to brutal human sacrifices, witch and fairy lynchings and burnings for their new satanic god: "The Great Dark Victor" (definitely at least somewhat influence by a dark crystal from Tenebris's blood). As a firm punishment, the Heavenly King set a magic powder onto him, and two black ugly horns grew from once was Legatum's perfect figure. He was renamed as: "Legmor" (“league-more”), meaning in heavenly tongue: "The Horned One".

Unlike his brother, Gerculus spent most of his time at past... being like a seedling as he sat down and listen to the pure songs and harmony of Gaia and her angel choir, which their songs were as harmonious and beauty as the making of creation. By his side was Gabri, The Shy Note... which the young god and elderly sly angel became fast friends... Gabri in his mortal form would become Ganda, The Wandering Old Man ("Ganda meaning in elvish and fairy: "The Wandering Pilgrim"), the much older white breaded Gerculus (King Potestas)'s most trusted diplomat.

One day the named Legmor had a very bad day when his own wife left him from being upset, upset from his new horned appearance and his insistence on being the "dominate" guardian of the relationship. Gerculus stepped in and said his worries for Legatum... but angered and losing patience quickly, he began to scold and yell at Gerculus, but Gerculus refused to yell back... instead saying calmly:

'Why are you angry, my brother? What significant thing would drive you to lose so much of what made you one of the greatest captains among angels? Are you blind from your madness, not to see you are still blessed?"

Legmor when he heard such words of worry from his lesser younger brother, naïve and foolish, kept safe in his studies and weak choirs sessions under the Mother Tree on the green hill… wasting time with peace and song while they should fight and defeat the enemy and wipe them out forever. Legmor building an uncontrollable from years of envy, became beyond furious, and he **snaped**.

He pulled his blade which was tainted with demonic blood while Gerculus's blade was pure glimmering crystal and golden... Legmor's blade started to burn of the flame of agony, though without fear or repercussion… Gerculus refused to hurt his older brother, to never lower himself to hurting the one he loved most. Legmor slashed Gerculus's check and nearly his eye. Then Legatum seeing what he had done to his own flash and blood… to someone who looked up to him… terror and a fear of divine judgement overcame him. He ran like a cowardly chicken, the one who believed strength of arms absolute… and flew away through a window in the form of a prideful raven; which slowly corrupted and formed into a blood thirsty long fanged bat.

But that treacherous act could not be hidden from the Heavenly King's eyes, the attempt to kill a loved one was blasphemous and forbidden in the Heavenly Lands along the Centre Pillar. And his spirit could not run from The King of Heaven, who dragged his very spirit from lightyears away and pulled him instantly to the golden throne, and given him judgement. He saw his sin and saw through his lies and pleads, for none can hide from the holy one's piercing eyes, who saw into his soul and memories, and knew his exact intent… he sighed and was sadden… but he was sure he must face a more worse punishment than even Lucifin, who even he did not hurt his brother. The Holy King in that moment transformed the once fair and prideful Legatum to a tall horned

red skinned beast, with hooves for feet, and abnormally long and thin blood-stained hands with pointed black claw-like nails. His face and head transformed into the half a ox, the eyes of a goat, and his body half a man and half a wolf. He was imprisoned later on in the vault... until the Heavenly King had his use for him, thinking of giving one last chance of redemption to his grandson through the creation of Orbis, the mortal world made to contact the mortals and the dead to the heavens.

When released and set on Orbis, he declared himself as King Mortem, The Damned Lord... and burned the most outer border of Orbis. As the final punishment, The Heavenly King created a spiritual barrier around the realm now known as: "Poena, The Land of The Damned". That no being say a son of the Heavenly King or the Heavenly King himself may be allowed to grant access or enter that realm (the only ones in Orbis to able to open it up are Potestas, Ordo, and Cogo... as well as Mortem, though he could give access, not be able to leave... only his demonic forces could leave while he stayed in Poena... the capital Executus being the source of the barrier "The Great Rainbow Bridge" which if Executus is destroyed, the bridge would dissipate and magically charms keeping Mortem only in Poena will go away.

Potestas proves himself as the King of Executus and of the new mortal world of Orbis, by trying to persuade Mortem to repent for his actions. Not a single piece of armor or weapon with him, going as a mortal man… to plead to Mortem. He ends up dying to Mortem's punishment by burning on the cross in front of all the angels and his own court… asking for The Heavenly King to put all the sins of mortals and Mortem on his back, giving him every single punishment done to each mortal being. Going through the greatest hell, he came back to life as an immortal being, and the chosen holy king of Executus, and the respected lesser god and ruler by his people in history.

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Rex Coeli, The Heavenly King

The Council of Wizards

The Dreaming Wizards, wizard who could find look into potential futures in their dreams. The few who could was the main leader of the order and youngest son of

King Potestas of Orbis and Execultus: Supreme Sorceror Ordo. And the other was the one that made the Monarch of Justice Prophecy, after his many different dreams of different outcomes of the Qaçmaz Soñu.

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The Qaçmaz Soñu Prophecies (The Great End) / in English "The Inevitable Ending" Prophecy:

There are several variations, which mostly break apart later on in the prophecy. The first part is usually the same, called "The Base Line"...

The base line is this... The Beginner's heart becomes self-aware and escapes it's body, becoming the Chaos Heart. This takes a lot of the Beginner's power, and weakens The Beginner greatly... shortly after, Energia's voice echoes across the entire cosmos... no, the very cosmos/Mundus itself was talking talk to his creator. Energia warns The Beginner of the danger of his state, and how great and essential his past contributions to the universe were and it existing still is necessary. However, the Beginner ignores this and simply states back in a voice more ethereal and powerful than the very cosmos:

"*I am creation, none shall command me or deem my purpose in any direction that suits their vision of reality. I shall do what I will, and all either accept or rage at it's conclusion. I does not matter to me."* .

The Energia's Warning or "kâinatnlñ yalvaruvl" (The Universe's Plead), which has many interpretations to what he said… but the line from The Beginner is the same in every version… most of those versions written directly from the Council of Wizards, the main body of law and order in Execultus right below Potestas himself, equal in status as the enforcers of order: The Holy Knights". Some of the variations came from different places, like from the great desert, or the famous short interpretation from the Mountain region by Gengis Fros, the famous yeti conqueror who posed a problem for awhile before being defeated by Cogo The Mighty himself, son of King Potestas.

Anyways, at this point, this where it starts to branch off...

There are two main variations:

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1. (The Endder's Victory): "The Endder and The Beginner cross paths again, but because the Beginner is greatly weaken (being only able to create solar systems over time to form galaxies, rather then before, creating entire galaxies at once with ease (going through universal to solar system)), and easily being beaten. The Endder absorbs the energy, and forces the chaos heart from whatever realm it's scheming in and rips it's silvery metal-like skin and conscious thought out of it like pealing an orange, and returns it back to a relic of dominate energy. Absorbing this, he gains the full power of the Beginner into itself, transforming back into the original Creator once again. This transformation, with already the waves and sounds caused from the Beginner's death and the Absorbing of the Chao Heart which would be felt and heard across all of creation which would cause 90% of the observable Mundus to be vaporized with a white and blue ocean of energy, leaving a strait of creation on the polar opposite side of the cosmos to be left.

However, because The Endder does not want to be the Creator... the same mental struggle from before would cause the Creator to be destroyed again... but this time, The Endder will be the only entity left from the two, and the Great Age of Destruction would begin. The only entity known to stand against The Endder would be Factorium, Energia, and The Heavenly King, who would be the only other beings left. Factorium would syphon the energy from The Great Endder to become a being more powerful then Energia, destroying Energia and The Heavenly King in The Final War... and absorbing their powers. Then as the High God Factorium, he would become as large as the primordial Endder and create the armada of both robotic soldiers and ships stretching the width of solar systems... battling in the final fight, which would last 3 thousand years and be known as The Age of Barathrum, where all things suffer and are in agony and there is no peace... all of creation is turned into hell. Until finally the High God Factorium is overcome by the spirits of Energia and the Rule Caster/Heavenly King, and the three become The Holy Truth. The Holy Truth would overpower destruction itself, and end that dark age of nihilism and remake the cosmos into a greater and more heavenly and peaceful... and all evil punished. Factorium would be broken and a slave to the good of the world, a servant to the masses, the worst punishment the smartest and most logical god, and the self-proclaimed absolute god has ever been given (in his eyes).

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2. (A Mortal Accession): "A powerful mortal warrior, not yet known by name, would show and kill the Beginner... which would the cosmic energy left over would attract and bring The Endder to the fight's location.

3. (The Death of Chaos): "Someone, a mortal or lesser god, slays the Chaos Heart, stabbing it in... "the heart". When this happens, the Chao Heart explodes... and lightyears away at the edge of the cosmos, The Beginner dies and explodes. This basically goes back The Endder absorb and taking the cosmic energy of his counterpart... except, because the heart of the Beginner (Chaos Heart/Finis) is killed, that means it can no longer become The Creator again, instead just being more "buffed up" then he was before. But this has massive consequences, because the Beginner can no longer create, the universe's fate becomes finite.

4. (Two Gods Die, Chaos Rules): The Beginner and Endder destroy themselves, and The Chaos Heart/Finis takes their energy, and becomes the ultimate god: The New Beginner. With this newfound power, he would remake the universe into his vision without resorting to his previous plan. He wins and all of reality, not even a bit of a strait left is destroyed and remade into “perfection”… in the process, all flaws in man and other beings and even in creation would erased… color and light all would be the same, and the nothing shall have a greater hold. Which even though Factorium would not be there, would be his dream come true.

Other variations:

3. (The Same Old): "The chaos heart doesn't leave The Beginner after gaining self-awareness, or doesn't gain self-awareness of it's nature at all. And the Endder and Beginner meet again, and the so old fight occurs, which causes great damages to the cosmos... but does NOT destroy most of it or it completely.

The Denominations of Qaçmaz Soñu, segments of believers of different versions of The Qaçmaz Soñu-

The Endder's Victory or "Finis Soñu"

(Ordo, Merlin, Medea, Ganda, Skorne, Saru, Oz-Ume and Cogo)

The Victory of The Chaos Heart or “Turbatio Soñu”

(Thoth, Oz-Ume, Ganda, and King Potestas)

The same fight between Beginner and The Endder, Eternal Age of Normalcy “Cotidianus Soñu

(Saru, Skorne)

The Doom Over Execultus, by the figure “Caligo”, controlled by the Living Fog “Caligo Soñu” *(Thoth, Ganda, Ordo)*

The Monarch of Justice, the mortal instead of the gods, bringing an end to freedom and virtue in the cosmos, and becoming a god… the God of Blind Justice “Hypocri Soñu” *(Ordo, Thoth, Ganda, Cogo, and King Potestas)*

Turns out, each one would technically come true, but in different ways with different endings from Thoth’s and Medea’s visions and the many interpretations of those visions (mainly from Thoth’s more artistic and more sensible versions, though some stick to Medea’s which usually ends up making their book nearly unreadable due to her unclear and vague answers).

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Merlin, The Master of Alchemy, High member of the Wizard Council (The second only to Ordo, he was the alchemist and potion maker of the council. The being first one to invent medicines and herbs to help the mortals... and being the lead doctor and greatest medical expert in all of Orbis. His books on medicine and his most brilliant interpretation of Energia's Warning (the warning he gives to his creator/father- The Beginner, in the form of the very universe and stars itself, telling him the great things the Beginner has done for creation, and how him dying to the Endder needs to be avoided at all costs (after his heart becomes self-aware and

leaves him, becoming the destructive bringer of chaos known as: "Chaos Heart" or more known: "Finis") text from the Qaçmaz Soñu base prophecy and widely acclaimed throughout even the wildest places of Orbis and even Mundus (other worlds, the universe) as a whole.)

Ganda, The Wise Pilgrim, The Wandering Traveler of Orbis (Most known as the wisest and most humble, an angel named Gabri sent down who chose to take a mortal form... once a choir member under the Great Mother Tree that sat on a green hill: Mother Gaia, who she tasked him to go down and bring serenity wisdom and humbleness to mortals... though he was frighten and feared, and though he himself knew nothing of the wisdom Gaia had. However, when he did... he became one of the most important, though not obviously, important members of the council. Becoming the direct advisor and ambassador of Executlus, a position that even Merlin and the demi-god Ordo could not gain from the intimidating King of Light- Potestas, and yet Potestas saw the kindness and goodness that laid in Ganda's heart and a stare of compassion and willingness to kneel to even suffering peasants in woodland and desert lesser than himself as a sign of apology for the high of Executlus not thinking and caring to them specifically, giving them food and water to survive the winter and heading off… or joining in to ceremonies to be the local not-drunk singer among very poor country towns and villages… this to King Potestas, set him as the Great Ambassador in his eyes. He would become known as the "Wandering Pilgrim" and bring unexpected joy to the people and to even the cruelest of souls.)

Saru, The White Fool, The Imperialist (Advocator of war and a close friend of Skorne... even though he was born in Executlus and Skorne was a direct servant of Mortem in Poena. This would backfire greatly, as Skorne would be revealed to have helped Lord Caligo breach the mountain range walls and enter Executlus... now Saru having to choose sides. He ultimately choose not to join Ordo as one of the last wizards to survive Caligo's assault and stayed as the lone other military leader of the fallen Executlus. Caligo created spells and magical protection against his only other rival: Mortem, who even though absolutely doesn't want to attack Caligo and risk having his hated brother Potestas return, still doesn't want Caligo to gain anymore influence then he already has by the start of WA 3. Out all of the wizards, Saru bought into Skorne's lies of grandeur and power... becoming

a pawn to almost every lord once equal or greater than him until he was the last living man in Executus, and was slain out of fear of betrayal by Lord Caligo himself (worried because Saru always kept threatening to switch sides with Mortem if Caligo ever faltered in his ambition and his constant contact with Ordo and Mortem more than himself).)

Medea, The Sorceress of Illusions, The Oracle (The main and original source of the doom prophecies and even of the Destruction of Executus prophecy by a "servant of the Living Fog", which many of the council though was silly, since only the devils of Barathrum and the soulless soldiers under great foe Tenebris and the darkening power: Factorium, would have any connection with it. Though Ordo himself suspected Skorne and Saru, with Skornes increasing efforts on opening trade with Barathrum and Saru's more insane insistence on invading and ending the threat of Poena and the hell Barathrum entirely, which would follow the same footsteps as his father's brother… Potestas even more worried when joining the few very critical council meetings for the Executus and all of Orbis's welfare.

Medea herself, acted more like a cryptic witch, hard to gain anything out of her. But after Thoth Paul joined the council much later in, and had spoke of very clear and visual imaginary of his prophecies which were the same as Medea's and as well as new versions of the Qaçmaz Soñu.

The six diplomats of Mortem (Six significant figures from Poena sent to live in Executus as part of the last peace treaty that Sun King Potestas made with Mortem,

The Damned Lord. Two were great warriors, three advisors and politicians, and the last being Skorne and his assistant: Oz-Ume, The Nightmare Princeling (far later

sent down alongside Skorne, becoming the Shadow Wraith, the Lord of Nightmares for heroes of a far off world to defeat).)

Skorne, The Advisor of War, Diplomat of Poena Land of The Damned (Advocate and only one from the royal court of Lord Mortem (in the hellish outer realm of Poena, The Land of The Damned). A diplomat sent by Mortem, as a part of the last peace treaty King Potestas made with Lord Mortem to keep their lands at peace from that horrifying war before. Skorne, a demonic being with his face hidden behind a golden helm with golden horn, and golden armor with vampiric red and black wings the size of eagle winds (majestic and powerful which hid his weakness)... the lower part of his body by magical fire hitting the ground. Skorne would profess changes that would appear to better their two kingdoms (which Ordo and Ganda definitely didn't buy, and were suspicious of... while Merlin was fooled, and Saru was intrigued)... he was definitely one of the most intelligent, though pretending. Though Ordo would not find out that Skorne was sneaking goods and trades, and evolutions of tech and knowledge in Execultus to Poena until after the destructive and kingdom destroying Raid of Execultus by Caligo. After the creation of Salus to protect remaining life of Execultus, after his lone fight against the shadow demon legions of Caligo in the far southern west of Salus against the Shadow demons that managed to get in (this battle resulting in the creation of the Ashen Fields which Warlock Sid would use as his headquarters later on)... he returned back to Orbis in disguise and found Skorne professing victory in front of a mirror, and attack him when he was defenseless.

Powerful spells were thrown out from all sides, threatening to destroy the building they were in- infernal fire and demonic stretches Vs holy light and the most advanced magic ever seen. In the end, the most skilled sorcerer Ordo defeated Skorne and sent him into the realm of Barathrum. Where no one would find Skorne and he suffer endlessly through chains of punishment until a hapless young wizard from a far off world named Garm released the powerful and now raging demon. Though a powerful golden wizard Sumner and great champions would defeat the now demon, and destroy Skorne's spirit utterly without Ordo's involvement at all.)

Oz-Ume, The Nightmare Princeling "ah-zz um-brah" (A demonic being made of shadowy mist, almost mirroring the form of Factorium... except having a golden crown with colorful sparking silver jewels, and witch-like green hands. He has no face, only eyes of red... and a barely humanoid shape.)

Thoth Paul, The Great Dreamer, The Prophesier (The one who is the main source of the Qaçmaz Soñu prophecies, and the one who made the less consider prophecies of the "Rise of Caligo/Fall of Orbis" and the more mysterious "Monarch of Justice" prophecy (which haunts Ordo and even Sid later on more).)

Supreme Sorcerer Ordo, The Founder of Mortal Magic

Cogo, The Leader of the Knights of the Sun in Execultus

King Potestas, King of Orbis and the holy city of Execultus

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One day, in one of Ordo's dreams while he slept in one of the tallest thin yellow towers of The Palace of Execultus… a figure cloaked in light came to him. He named himself Nazagnot, and the unmistakables he spoke of Ordo's life and the truths that Ordo deep within his heart, revealed it was him. In Ordo's own voice echoing, he told him of the names he should give the names he should use for his the important apprentices which we make great marks upon the history of Orbis and some with the history of the cosmos.

"*The first who you see as rash and foolish, but through his toughness is kind at heart, be known as Torvus, The Leading Man. And for the one who is ambitious but filled with a undeserved pride within himself, be known as Tolerantia, The Prideful. And for the most ambitious and a being of terrible power you even fear, be known as Velox, The Great. And for the last, their destinies are unknown to even you and even I… but their fates are more vast and more important, and their power will change the scope of known events. These two will exist much farther into the future, the first of the two will be Novus Valere, the talented and endlessly curious about the universe and it's secrets. And the second and the last of your apprentices will be Novus Avail, rash and bullheaded at first… but would prove his worth in time. He would break the chain, and break the focused line of prophecy to a wild wave of chaos… the strongest under the stars.*"

The being of light clapped his hands together and opened them to form a water painted art piece of a wooden border, where in it three wear walking up a hill from the brown and green woodland to a stone city in the distance filled with beacons of fire and tall flags of green and red among banners all under the ocean blue night with a full moon overlooking everything. One at the furthest back had a tall cone hat with stars and moons on it, the one in the middle wielded a black metal staff with a bright red orb with bat wings coming out on each end, and the one most front that nearly sprinted and hopped forward had long ears the drooped below his head and a blue cap that is moved facing backwards. The three, the Trio of adventuring and Host of the Light…

"***What is this, my lord in the heavens?"*** Ordo asked.

"The future… the ones that shall carry the will of all on their backs. But that day is far from now, still be weary of things to come. Not all mistakes and wrongs will forever be so, though be beware of unforeseen consequences."

And so, Ordo took this at heart… and remember that day… following the words of the herald of the heavens… trusting the Rule Caster of Heaven, The Great Spirit of The Cosmos (Energia), and the song and life of Gaia… The Tri Prophetic.

Energia- *”Though we fight a losing fight and winning. As evil breeds in good, and good breeds in evil. We can wait until we prove ourselves in The Beginner's challenge for us.”*

The END….

At least… for now…